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MR. ROEBUCK AT FONTAINEBLEAU.

LAST week we expressed our belief that the time was not far distant when the French Emperor would repeat his effort to mediate between the contending forces in America. The fulfilment of the prediction seems already to be at hand. Nor can we deny that circumstances are not what they were. There can be no reasonable doubt but that a strong reaction in favour of peace is setting in among large portions of the Northern community. Matters look more ripe for a peaceful and amicable settlement than they have done since the beginning of the war; and the "Mason and Conway" correspondence—so recently published by an act of most questionable faith on the part of one of the principal parties—has produced an effect damaging in reality both to the North and to the South. It shows that the question of slavery lies among the potent causes of the struggle, and that the South are resolved not to give slavery up. On the other hand, it proves to demonstration that the bitterest Northern partisans of war are ready to avow their despair of restoring the Union by force of arms. At such a juncture it is not unnatural that Europe should once again think of holding out to America the twice-rejected olive branch. The fall of Puebla has strengthened the Emperor's hands, and he can afford to take an increased interest in the diplomatic questions of the world. Such is the state of things when the Thersites of the House of Commons takes up the question of intervention, and presents himself—an unvarnished and uninvited guest—at the gate of Fontainebleau. Mr. Roebuck is a little fond of presenting himself, in all his glory, at Imperial palace-gates. He has had an interview with the Emperor of the French, and no doubt was as much impressed with the grandeur of society in the French palace as was likely to be the case with so uncompromising and terrible a demagogue, who never bates his breath for anybody under an archduke. The French Emperor's opinions on the American question have thus been prematurely given to the world in a most objectionable manner; or, rather, have been allowed to filter through the ears to which they were unfortunately addressed. Like the four Liverpool merchants, of immortal memory, Mr. Roebuck probably feels that it is no use obtaining interviews with imperial personages unless the world is informed immediately of the fact. As it was at Vienna, so probably it has been at Fontainebleau. Tear 'em has "been," has been "seen," and has been "conquered." The inestimable animal never roams in drawing-rooms without leaving his tail behind him; and Sheffield, which returns in her present member a Radical, a Tory, a Demagogue, an Austrian, a Southerner, a cynic, and an unvarnished Briton, will henceforward recognize in the old dish a new and

delicate French flavour, fresh from the Tuileries. It is the proud and unique privilege of Mr. Roebuck not only to be the terror of tyrants and the mainstay of the British flag, but also to enjoy the questionable honour of a self-invited frequenter of the Courts of Europe.

This kind of unauthorized and unofficial diplomacy is extremely undesirable. We have a Foreign Office, and ambassadors in abundance, through whom it is the policy and the custom of this country to communicate with foreign crowned heads. So long as Lord Palmerston's Government is in office, they, and they only, are to be taken to represent the feeling and opinion of the English public. If Mr. Roebuck hoists himself into Fontainebleau as a Ministerialist, he is thrusting himself into a place which we pay Lord Russell and Lord Cowley to occupy. If he goes as a private and independent member, he puts himself in the position of a minority in the House, intriguing with a foreign Government for the purpose of forcing the hand of the English Ministry. From either course an honourable man would in ordinary cases shrink; and in pursuing a contrary line Mr. Roebuck does not consult his reputation. We are not alone in stigmatizing these officious interferences with the natural channels of diplomacy as a piece of impertinence to the nation on the part of the principal offenders. If the French Emperor inquires of the first Englishman he meets what position Mr. Roebuck holds in the estimation of the world, he will not thank the self-accredited ambassador who has presented himself at the French palace. The answer would be, that Mr. Roebuck is a gentleman who, in the last ten years, has succeeded in winning the reverse of public confidence and esteem; that his violent displays in Parliament, or on the more congenial stage of a town hustings, excite the contempt of quiet and educated politicians; that, at best, his highest ambition seems to be to represent the passions of a by no means exalted class of the public; and that his recent intemperance of language towards the American race has made him the last man in Europe who can come forward with words of peace and dignified conciliation.

The time may be near—we do not deny it—when the question of mediation in America will have to be considered as a public and pressing business. But we hope it may be kept out of the hands of men of the calibre of Mr. Roebuck. It ought to be dealt with by the Government and not by Parliament; by a body of statesmen who can discuss it temperately and at leisure; not by orations in a hurried and perhaps intemperate debate. If the question of Poland be one which had better for the moment pass from Parliament into the keeping of diplomacy,—surely the American question should, for the sake of good feeling between the two countries, be treated in the same way. The matter may be ripe for consideration in the Cabinet; it certainly is not

ripe for a party discussion in the House. The reason of this seems to us to be clear. Mediation cannot be forced upon America without a violent departure from international comity and custom. It is, moreover, of the highest importance to England not to kindle into a flame the sparks of latent hostility between ourselves and the North which have shown themselves of late. Before we interfere to mediate, let us make sure that our mediation will not be received as a mark of disguised enmity towards the Union. The analogy between Poland and the South is a ridiculous one, and cannot be sustained. The treaties of Vienna oblige us in honour—even if the relative position of the two combatants did not powerfully plead with us—to interest ourselves for the Poles; every possible consideration, however, prompts us to remain diplomatic neutrals with respect to the North and South. Before stepping out of the charmed circle of neutrality within which alone we are safe, the Americans themselves should be consulted, lest we should really offend or alienate those whom we wish to serve. Lastly, when the offer of mediation comes, let it come from united Europe, if Europe can be made to join, as the latest Austrian telegrams imply is possible. Joint diplomatic action with the great countries of the Continent ought in this as in all other matters to be the policy and pride of England. It is the only safe and honourable line for a nation, that wishes to rely not on its arms but on its moral influence. The policy of isolation—we earnestly repeat it—is a policy that leads only to misunderstanding, to war in Europe, to the territorial aggrandisement of European Powers less peaceful than ourselves, and to continental distrust and dislike of England. In great political questions, France will act whether we wish it or no. The true method of upholding the dignity of England and the quiet of the world is within certain diplomatic limits to act honourably with her, and thus to moderate the excessive tendencies of French Imperialism. We do not complain, therefore, of Mr. Roebuck for wishing to see a harmony effected between England and France on the American question. Let it be so, but let the proper persons take the matter up. We complain of him because he has forced himself into a position to which he has no claim, and which he is the worst man in Europe to fill. If there is a living politician who cannot speak on a question without offending and outraging somebody else, it is Mr. Roebuck. In the name of common sense, we ask, is he the right man to agitate on so delicate a subject? We do not wish to see dragged into the arena of party debate, a problem which it is for the English Executive and for English diplomacy to solve, by watching for golden opportunities, and by acting after grave and careful deliberation.

THE REPAIRS OF "DILKE'S DELIGHT."

MR. HUNT, the Surveyor to the Board of Works, is evidently a wag. Wishing, apparently, to emulate the well-known Irishman who, having bought a rusty and decayed pocket-knife for next to nothing, boasted that his purchase, when provided with a new handle and a new blade, would prove an excellent instrument, Mr. Hunt has put forth a Report, in which he recapitulates the merits of the extraordinary bargain which Messrs. Kelk & Lucas are so generously forcing upon the public, and details the few slight and inexpensive repairs which will be required before the South Kensington Dilkoosha can be made a fit playground for the Society of Arts and "the institutions in union with them." Mr. Hunt's Report bears no date; a significant omission, which leads us to infer that it has been in the hands of the Treasury for some time, and that it has only now been extorted from their Lordships' hands by pressure from without. Anyhow, it is a masterpiece of delicate irony in its way.

It commences by affirming that "the brick building in Cromwell-road, used during the Exhibition of 1862 as a gallery for pictures, is a substantial structure." So far, so good. But then it goes on to say, that the roof of this "substantial structure," built but a year ago, "requires extensive repair, and that its skylights must be replaced throughout by others of a stronger character glazed with stronger glass." This "substantial structure" is further stated by Mr. Hunt to require "new floors resting on new constructions of brick arches, and iron girders to support them." When these slight defects have been remedied—when the knife has been new handled and new bladed—

Mr. Hunt is of opinion that these unrivalled galleries will be nearly as good as new, and we entirely credit his assertion. Against the cost to be thus incurred, over and above the purchase-money of the ground, are the Exhibition sheds as they stand. John Bull will be credited with the value of an enormous heap of broken glass, rotten felt, and decayed sashes and skylights—less the cost of pulling them down—the most appropriate use of which would be to form an enormous bonfire on the auspicious occasion of Sir Wentworth Dilke's next birthday.

These picture galleries are, however, according to the sanguine Mr. Hunt, the best part of the bad bargain which we are thus having thrust upon us by the hangers-on of the Court. He confesses that the rest of the building is chiefly "temporary in its construction." He hopes that when "modified and readjusted" some few of the iron columns, girders, and trusses may be of use; but he condemns the timbers and skylights as entirely of a temporary character, and states that a new and more substantial timber roof and a new covering of metal will be required to keep out the weather. All the gutters throughout this maze of 16½ acres will require, moreover, to be lined with lead, and the whole of the skylight frames, ridges, and hips must also be covered with the same expensive protection.

The joists and floor-boards of the galleries Mr. Hunt pronounces to be worthless, and asks for entirely new floors and joists throughout. He significantly advises that the present foundation of the building itself should be strengthened by a layer of concrete twelve inches thick. On this a new floor constructed of new materials is to be laid down. "The joists are to be of the best timber, the sleepers are to be of oak, supported on *proper thick walls* built on the concrete platform above described, &c." It would almost seem from this last incautious expression, that Mr. Hunt is of opinion that the existing walls of the Dilkoosha are not "proper thick walls." When all this has been done Mr. Hunt pronounces that the floors of the new Dilkoosha will be as good as new; and we again say that there can be little doubt of the fact. Now for the drainage of the Dilkoosha. Mr. Hunt informs his employers that "when the buildings were erected, a complete system of drainage was constructed." This is very satisfactory; for upon this point doubts have been expressed, based on the lake of stagnant water which used to be visible under the open flooring of the Exhibition during the wet season of 1862. When such great men as Kelk & Lucas "construct a system of drainage," a man must be incredulous indeed who supposes that it is not "complete." But stay—what says the very next paragraph of Mr. Hunt's sarcastic report? This complete system of drainage, constructed in 1862, in 1863 "requires to be repaired, and in parts to be relaid!" In 1862 it would not even carry off the rainwater that fell, as we all saw; and in 1863 it requires to be repaired and relaid; and yet its constructors were the celebrated firm of Kelk & Lucas, late Morton Peto & Co., and the surveyor who eulogises it as "complete" is no less an individual than the impartial and able Mr. Hunt of the Board of Works!

Finally, there are the domes. Mr. Hunt pronounces that the present domes are to come down, and that new domes are to be constructed; but he does not attempt to solve the difficult problem of getting the former down, nor does he offer any estimate of the cost of doing so. In the construction of the new domes we again have the parable of the Irishman's knife with a vengeance. The present foundations will not do. "New piers of brickwork are to be built upon solid foundations of concrete, and new brick arches springing from these piers are to be constructed. The lower portion of the domes will then be filled in with brickwork covered externally with lead, and the upper portion will be glazed with new thick glass." It must be observed that Mr. Hunt remorselessly condemns all the timber and all the glass which was used in the Exhibition of 1862, which the public are nevertheless urged by the Treasury to buy. We have suggested an appropriate use to which the old timber may be put, when dry enough; but we confess that we are at a loss to devise any advantageous mode of disposing of sixteen or seventeen acres of cracked and worthless glass.

Of the ornamentation of this vast pile Mr. Hunt speaks oracularly, suggesting that "such an amount of decoration should be introduced as may be consistent with the purposes to which the building is to be applied." Whether he himself, or Captain Fowke, or a committee of taste, presided over by Sir Wentworth Dilke, are to settle what is to be

done in that way, he leaves an open question; all he suggests is that we should buy the building, paying Kelk & Lucas, and possibly Sir Morton Peto, their own price—about three times as much as it is worth—for it; that we should reconstruct it with entirely new materials; and that we should then leave the decoration and destination of it to the taste and discretion of the Bowings, the Fowkes, the Dilkes, and the Sandfords of the Society of Arts. Such is Mr. Henry A. Hunt's modest proposal; such is the proposal which Lord Palmerston is to urge upon the House of Commons on Thursday week. All that we can do to baffle the preposterous job which is thus being forced upon the public by the influence of the Court and of the Science and Art charlatans of the Brompton Boilers, is to raise the cry, which we do most lustily, of "John Bull, mind your pockets!"

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.

THE Bill brought in by Mr. Villiers to authorize loans for the purpose of executing public works in the distressed districts has been accepted by the House of Commons without hesitation, but with little belief in its efficacy. People are beginning to confess that the state of Lancashire is altogether unmanageable. In the words of Mr. Cobden, no specific can be discovered for the cure of the disease; and there is some cause for apprehension lest we should succumb to a feeling of despair. A loan of a million and a half cannot, on the most sanguine calculations, keep a quarter of the destitute poor of the coming winter off the rates, nor can any possible scheme of emigration be sufficiently effective to produce a sensible subtraction from the unemployed masses. Time will bring about alleviation from the operation of natural laws which legislation can scarcely stimulate; even if the solution of the American question be indefinitely postponed, the enhanced price of cotton will slowly cause an increase of the supply of raw material from other quarters, whilst the voluntary migration of the labourer to other counties and countries, the death of the old, and the abstinence from marriage of the young, will abate that determination of life to Lancashire and Cheshire from which they suffer.

There are, indeed, not wanting some who are glad to escape from a troublesome subject by taking refuge in the belief that the worst is past. In one sense, this may possibly be true; the proportion of work to be distributed amongst the cotton-spinners to the number of the spinners, has perhaps passed its lowest point, whilst we are now sufficiently informed of the probable supply of raw material to regulate its consumption without being subject to fluctuations due to feverish anxiety and alarm. This, however, would be to take a very superficial view of the question: if the pressure is not so severe, the power to withstand it is still more diminished; the operatives themselves have long ago exhausted their resources, the poor ratepayers are being swept into the same gulf of destitution, and it would be idle to hope for a repetition of the charity which last year so nobly sent its offerings from all parts of the world. It is too clear that the difficulties of the coming winter will be greater than any we have yet encountered.

Even now the situation is sufficiently serious. The occupations of summer, and the power, during the fine weather, to wander in quest of work, not fearing, if need be, to sleep under a hedge, have reduced the number of those in receipt of parochial relief from the quarter million of January to about 165,000 persons; but this is about four times the number in receipt of relief during the corresponding week of last year; whilst, in addition to these, there are more than 133,000 persons, not in receipt of parochial relief, who are maintained by the local committees. In round numbers, 300,000 persons are maintained by charity.

What are the means proposed to meet these difficulties? The burden of supporting the poor is thrown primarily upon the neighbouring unions, and the only legislation on the subject passed or contemplated is framed for the relief of the unions. The Rate-in-Aid Act, renewed at the commencement of the session, will expire before Michaelmas, but before Parliament rises it will no doubt be again renewed. The Public Works Act now before Parliament is another help to the ratepayers. As the burden of supporting the poor falls upon them, they may well inquire whether they cannot get something in return. The reports of Mr. Rawlinson, the civil engineer, give some

hope that works partially remunerative may be devised, and it is upon these reports that Mr. Villiers' Act is founded. Works which should be fully remunerative could not be hoped for, but it is better for the payer to give a man ten shillings for work only worth eight, than to give him five shillings for no work at all. Mr. Rawlinson is a man of experience, a native of the county, who has himself devised and superintended the execution of public works in several towns in the north of England, amongst others, Tynemouth, Carlisle, Lancaster; and when he reported upon the feasibility of spending £1,500,000 to some advantage, and the local boards and authorities showed themselves desirous of carrying out his plans, it was impossible to refuse to make loans to enable them to do so. The State, however, in lending such a sum at the easy rate of 3½ per cent., to be repaid in instalments spreading over thirty years, with a further power to postpone the payment of the first three instalments, has a right to point out to the local boards the dangers to which they are exposed. The temptation to borrow, when the borrower is for three years freed from the obligation of payment, is almost irresistible. Three years make a long time, and it is only too easy to predict peace and plenty in the distant future. On the other hand, the relief is immediate; instead of providing by burdensome rates for the sustenance of the poor, the means are obtained by a simple method from an unseen and possibly inexhaustible treasury. It is scarcely to be supposed that Lancashire can descend to the level of Ireland or the West Indies, but the experience of loans in those places shows that works of absolute inutility are readily undertaken when the capital is freely supplied; when, on the other hand, the time of repayment comes, it is discovered that money has been spent with nothing to show for it, and the Treasury has been forced to relinquish claims which it could not enforce.

A good deal has been said on the benefit of setting the unemployed operatives upon these public works as a means of preventing their demoralization, but it is to be feared that this advantage is, to a great extent, illusory. The cotton operative must be conscious that the money value of his unskilled labour is below the wages he receives, and even if this were not so, the conviction that the work had been made for him and was not productive of equally profitable results to the employer and employed, would produce the same demoralization which is attendant on the receipt of alms. The independent spirit of the labourer is not preserved by the consciousness that his occupation is toilsome, but by the belief that what he does for his employer is worth to him the money that he pays for it. It is also worthy of consideration that the works thus artificially, so to speak, provided tend to prevent that dispersion and migration of the labourers which would otherwise happen, and it has been made a charge, most unfairly we believe, against the governing classes of Lancashire, that they have encouraged this scheme of public works for the purpose of keeping their labour-market over-stocked.

After all, however, the proposed public works will, as we have said, make little impression on the mass of destitute poor. Out of the £1,500,000 to be expended upon them, nearly £700,000 will be consumed in the purchase of materials, £175,000 will go in paying skilled labourers, and upwards of £94,000 will be employed in providing plant and superintendence. It is true that parts of these sums will in an indirect way tend to relieve the pauperism of the country; thus, one-half of the cost of materials will be paid in wages in getting and making the materials within the district; and as the great occupations of skilled labourers in Lancashire depend very much on the cotton trade, they are almost as much exposed to destitution as the cotton operatives themselves. Yet Mr. Farnall's calculations make out that the million and a half will only set to work for one year 27,400 men now out of work, and would have the effect of relieving the poor-rates and charitable funds from the maintenance of about three times that number, or 82,200 persons.

It was from a consideration of the limited operation of this Act that the Central Relief Committee at Manchester last week expressed their opinion that further loans to the guardians of the poor would be required before the winter. Mr. Farnall restrained the Committee from declaring this opinion by a resolution, as he feared such a statement would imperil the progress of Mr. Villiers's Bill; but it may be questioned whether it would not have been wiser to have

permitted the resolution to pass. It gives but a poor idea of the House of Commons to think that it can be coaxed into meeting a difficulty by having it presented in instalments. It may be that the discussion of a problem which no one can solve will suffer little by postponement. Still, it is both undignified and dangerous to repeat this session the action of the last, when the Rate-in-Aid Bill was hurriedly passed in the last week of the session.

THE ALEXANDRA.

AT length the circumstances connected with the case of the *Alexandra* have been explained by the Attorney-General; and the jury, under the direction of the Lord Chief Baron, have pronounced that no violation of the Foreign Enlistment Act has occurred. After hearing the evidence which was produced on behalf of the Crown, it is impossible to doubt that the law officers were not only justified in taking proceedings, but that the Government would have exposed themselves to just animadversion if they had refused to seize the vessel in question. The past history of the *Alabama* had made it abundantly clear that she had been built in the port of Liverpool, that many of her crew had been hired in that port, and that although she left that port unarmed, the guns and ammunition intended for her were sent to Terceira, and there placed on board. The depredations which this vessel has inflicted upon Federal commerce are sufficiently notorious. It is not surprising that the merchants of Boston and New York should feel irritated at such proceedings, or that the Government of Washington should have addressed vigorous remonstrances to Earl Russell. It happened, moreover, that the British Government did not attempt to justify the conduct of the Confederates in thus using our ports. On the contrary, in compliance with the opinion of the law officers, they admitted that those who were concerned in fitting out the *Alabama* had violated the Act of Parliament, but they insisted that in allowing her to escape they had been guilty of no culpable neglect. Earl Russell, in his correspondence with Mr. Adams, and the Solicitor-General in the House of Commons, admitted that she would have been seized if only they had known the whole facts in time. That they were sincere in their desire to maintain the strictest neutrality there is no reason to doubt; but if any such doubts existed, they must be dispelled by their conduct in the case of the *Alexandra*. Whether or not, the opinion delivered by Chief Baron Pollock as to the construction to be put upon the Foreign Enlistment Act is still matter of doubt. The whole question must be re-argued before the judges. But whatever that decision may be, the American Government and the American people must acknowledge that all has been done that can be done to enforce the laws of neutrality.

The case of the *Alexandra*, as brought before the law-officers of the Crown, was very simple. It appears that in Liverpool the Confederate Government have a number of agents, some of whom are officers in the Confederate service, others of whom are Liverpool merchants, who supply money on the requisition of such agents. The *Alexandra* was a vessel fitted for warlike purposes; a gun-boat, in fact, to all appearance, which, according to the statement of the builder, was being built for the Confederate Government. Besides these two facts, the Crown had some evidence that Captain Bullock, an officer in the Confederate navy, exercised some supervision on this gun-boat, or at all events was in very close relationship with the builders of that vessel. But it should be observed, that there was no evidence to show that men had been hired for the purpose of serving on board, nor did the Crown succeed in proving that any guns had been made specifically for this ship. It must also be admitted, that although the *Alexandra* was built in an open dock, and is now lying at Liverpool still, the witnesses to prove her character and destination were neither numerous nor very creditable. Indeed, Mr. Clarence Randolph Yonge, who had formerly been the confidential secretary of Captain Bullock, admitted himself to be one of the most shameless scoundrels who ever appeared in a court of justice. He had abandoned his wife and child in Savannah; he had wormed himself into the confidence of Captain Bullock; he had sailed in the *Alabama* to Kingston, where, after receiving pay to the last moment, he deserted; there he married a widow, sold all her property, returned to Liverpool, abandoned his second wife, and finally betrayed all his secrets to the American Minister in London. Such has

been the career of Mr. Clarence Randolph Yonge, and if the case had rested materially upon his evidence, the Crown would hardly have been justified in ordering the seizure. But, in truth, his evidence was comparatively immaterial, for it simply confirmed the evidence produced by other persons.

But as the matter turned out, the testimony produced may be considered as irrelevant. For, even if the Crown had conclusively proved their case, there was, according to the Chief Baron, no ground for seizing the *Alexandra*. It was admitted that, at the time of the seizure, no guns or ammunition were on board; and the judge declared that unless the arming took place within some part of the Queen's dominions, there could be no violation of the Act of Parliament. The history of the English Foreign Enlistment Act is interesting. It was passed in the year 1819 in order to prevent those who sympathized with the revolted Spanish colonies from organizing expeditions for their assistance. The United States had suffered under the same inconvenience at the beginning of the century. The French had endeavoured to use the neutral ports of America for the purpose of fitting out men-of-war to cruise against the English. At that time Washington was president, and, upon the remonstrances of the English minister, that great man not only stopped any such attempts, but induced Congress to pass a law arming the Government with additional powers. That law is in terms the same as the English Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819; indeed, Mr. Canning, when he introduced it, admitted that he had copied the American statute, and defended its provisions by recalling the conduct of Washington and Jefferson.

According to that act it is illegal to *equip, furnish, fit out, or arm* any vessel within the British dominions, with intent to commit hostilities against any nation at peace with this country. It is admitted that, until the case of the *Alexandra*, no proceedings have been taken under this statute. There is no decision in the records of our courts upon the subject. But in America it is quite otherwise. There is a series of judgments delivered in the Supreme Court of Washington by lawyers of acknowledged ability. It might seem, therefore, that these decisions ought to guide English judges in forming their judgment. More especially should this be the case when the Act of Parliament is an Act passed to give a municipal sanction to the doctrines of international law. But if the doctrine laid down by the Lord Chief Baron be ultimately upheld, these views must be admitted to be erroneous. Whether he is right or wrong, most certain it is that his interpretation differs from that of the American judges. Chief Baron Pollock maintains that the terms *furnish, equip, fit out, and arm*, are identical. In order, therefore, to constitute a breach of the Act, it must be proved that the vessel was *actually armed* within the dominions of the Queen. Most clearly this was not so in the case of the *Alexandra*. Neither guns nor ammunition were on board, and therefore those who were concerned in building her or fitting her out were guilty of no offence under the statute. But the Chief Baron went even further. Alluding to the case of the *Alabama*, he volunteered the opinion, that even in her case no offence had been committed, because, he said, the guns were placed on board at Terceira, within the dominions of Portugal. Hitherto, it has been considered that the Foreign Enlistment Act would be infringed if a man-of-war were fitted out for sea, and started from a British port, with the intent to receive her armament on board elsewhere, and with the further intent to prey upon the commerce of a friendly nation. And upon this view of the law the law-officers of the Crown have acted. According to the Chief Baron, they are mistaken. It remains to be seen whether the other judges are prepared to support Sir F. Pollock. But if his opinion be supported, it must be admitted to involve somewhat serious consequences.

REFORM OF THE ADMIRALTY.

THE continued existence of the Board of Admiralty illustrates the truth of the proverb that "threatened men live long." Since the failures and mismanagement of the Crimean war drew public attention to the constitution and working of the military departments, it has been subjected to a pitiless fire of criticism; has been the butt of numerous motions and resolutions; and has undergone the examination of both committees and commissions. But it still survives to confront a fresh suggestion of inquiry.

in the buoyant and almost jubilant tone in which Lord C. Paget replied but a few days ago to the speech of Mr. Dalglish. It can hardly avail itself of the time-honoured defence of all English institutions,—that, although it sins against principle, it practically works well. For, during the years to which we have referred, it has exhibited in a very conspicuous manner the faults for which it has been remarkable at any time during the last century.

As the greatest maritime country in the world, we ought to have taken the lead in the improvement of our military as we have done in the improvement of our mercantile navy. But it is the mortifying fact that the reverse has been the case. Without laying too much stress on the frequently unreasonable complaints of inventors, it is nevertheless a significant fact that ingenuity and science have knocked in vain at the door of the Admiralty, until others have recognized the value of their suggestions, and public indignation has overcome official supineness. Nor has this rigid adherence to routine secured either economy or a clear and well-defined system of administration. Notwithstanding the advantages we enjoy in a cheaper and better supply of raw materials in our iron and coal fields, in the skill and laboriousness of our artisans, and in the immense and ready resources of our private manufacturing establishments, it is quite certain that our national ships cost far more than those of France. And so loosely and carelessly have the affairs of the department been conducted, that until lately it was quite impossible to ascertain, with any approach to exactness, the expenditure upon a man-of-war. Indeed, it appeared from the evidence of the witnesses examined before the Royal Commission of 1860, that, from the First Lord downwards, no one seemed to think it any part of his business to know or to care what anything cost. Even now we know very little about it; for the last sop which has been offered to the public discontent consists in the statement made by Mr. Stansfeld in the House of Commons on Wednesday afternoon, that the Board are at last about to institute a system of accounts showing, stage by stage, what the expenditure is in one dockyard and what in another, and thus enabling us to compare that cost with the expenditure in the private building-yards of the country.

It is no answer to these facts to point, as the Board of Admiralty are in the habit of doing, to the splendid ships which have been built in the dockyards; or to the immense quantity of work which they have succeeded in doing, and doing well, on such an occasion as the seizure of the *Trent*. It is not sufficient to construct vessels, unless they are of the right sort. Very little ability is shown in turning excellent work if no limit is placed upon its cost. The real problem is to do it at the least possible expense; and even the most sanguine advocates of the Admiralty are forced to admit that their administration has heretofore been wasteful and extravagant, although, of course, they add that at present no fault of the kind can be found. What we require from a public body is, not an occasional display of spasmodic activity, but the normal exhibition of foresight and economy. As these qualities have confessedly been wanting hitherto in the Board of Admiralty, we can hardly be surprised at the incessant attacks to which they are subjected. We feel more disposed to wonder at the success which—partly through good fortune and partly owing to excellent tactics—has attended their efforts to prevent any effective investigation of the working of the present system, with a view to the creation of a better. In 1861 it was supposed that we were going at last to probe the subject to the bottom. Great things were expected from Admiral Duncombe's committee; but the inquiry came to nothing from two causes—first because the inquiring body was mainly composed of officials and ex-officials, and next because the witnesses for the Admiralty occupied the whole of the session. Having heard one side, the Committee reported that it was desirable they should be re-appointed to hear the other. But the appetite of the House of Commons had, for the time, been satiated with a huge blue-book; the independent members of the Committee itself had begun to despair of contending against the numerical superiority of their official colleagues; and last year passed over without anything being done. In the present year, Mr. Dalglish did not succeed in bringing forward his motion for the re-appointment of the Committee, until a period of the session when it was hopeless to proceed with effect; and it has accordingly been withdrawn, with little or no result beyond that of enabling Lord C. Paget

to display his usual happy audacity in inviting an inquiry which he knew was impossible. For another year, therefore, the Board are safe; but we should be reluctant to believe that Parliament will finally acquiesce in a state of things under which the most unsatisfactory results are attained, without any one being able to say whether they are due to the system or the men by whom it is worked. In the meantime it is certainly desirable that public attention should be directed to the subject; for we can expect no material reforms except under that same pressure from without which has at last produced a tardy acquiescence in the recommendations of the Commission of 1860 in reference to the mode of keeping accounts.

We quite concur with Sir Francis Baring and Mr. Henley in thinking that there is too great a disposition in the present day to throw all the blame of any mismanagement or irregularity on "the system," instead of on individual officials. No doubt, as the latter observed, "this is often a mealy-mouthed way of finding fault, instead of collaring the real culprit." At the same time it must be remembered that a bad system has an inevitable tendency to produce bad officials; and when we find the same faults continually pervading the administration of the Board of Admiralty as long as we know anything about it, and, under a succession of chiefs, many of whom have been men of remarkable ability, it is impossible not to conclude that the constitution of the Board is in some degree at the root of the evil. We need, indeed, say nothing to prove that a Board is necessarily a bad executive engine. For that is virtually admitted by the ablest champions of the Admiralty, when they seek to show that it is only a Board in name. "The Board of Admiralty," said Sir James Graham in 1861, "can only work by the First Lord exercising power to such an extent as really to render the Board subordinate to his will." And again, "The First Lord is technically not a Minister of Marine, but virtually the system will never work unless he be really so." It is therefore confessed that the responsibility of the department should rest upon the single minister at its head; and the question is very much narrowed to the simple point—does it do so in fact? It is alleged that it does, because the First Lord, although nominally the equal of his colleagues, is practically supreme over them. But there is a fallacy here in confounding what a man may do with what he will do. A First Lord of strong will and decided character may, and no doubt does, to a great extent assert his authority and have his own way on the principal questions that come before him. But First Lords are not always men of this kind; and when they are not, they will fall very much to the level of their colleagues; the Board will become a reality; and in that case it is certain to be like other boards—cautious to a fault, obstinate in the ways of routine, averse to any decided or novel action. Nor do we believe that the mischief ends here. The most energetic First Lord, on a host of minor but still very important matters, must feel that he stands in a very different relation to a colleague who is nominally his equal, and is named with him in the same patent, to that which he would occupy in regard to a parliamentary under-secretary whom he had himself appointed. He will inevitably exercise over the latter a much closer superintendence and control than he does over the former, and will recognize in the one case a delicacy as to overruling and directing, which he would not do in the other. We cannot, therefore, admit that the present system, under which each of the subordinate lords presides over a department, is equivalent to that of a single minister with a number of under-secretaries. But if that be not so, there is an absence of the one condition on which, according to Sir James Graham, the existence of the Board is defensible. Indeed, notwithstanding the ingenious defence which he offered for it—as he was ready to do for most existing institutions—it is plain that Sir James had but little confidence in his own arguments; for in 1860 he drew up a draught report on the organization of the army, in which he distinctly condemned the proposition to constitute a board as a retrograde measure, distributing instead of concentrating responsibility. It is certainly difficult to see how a system can be mischievous at the Horse Guards and harmless at the Admiralty. Nor are we more disposed to believe this when we find that the faults which have really marked our naval administration—the sluggishness, the want of foresight, the wastefulness—are just those which we should expect from a board wielding substantial power. It is absolutely neces-

sary to arrive first at some definite conclusion on this cardinal point; but attention may then be usefully directed to the subordinate parts of the system, which are cumbrous, imperfectly connected, and ill adapted to rapid action. No doubt it is the duty of the Government itself to undertake the requisite reforms. But experience has convinced us that it is hopeless to expect anything in that quarter. We see no resource but in a searching investigation before a really independent Committee of the House of Commons; and this we trust will take place early next session. Let us, however, give the assailants of the Admiralty one word of advice. If they are to succeed they must concentrate their efforts far more closely than they have hitherto done on some one or two leading points; and they must make an effort to agree among themselves as to the particular reforms they desire. The Board still exists principally because its opponents have hitherto wasted their strength in desultory skirmishing and purely negative criticism.

THE STATE OF IRELAND.

IF proof be ever demanded of the sympathy which English people feel for distress and suffering in Ireland, it will be sufficient to point to the ready response they made in 1846-7 to the appeal for help for her famishing millions. And a no less valid proof of the interest they take in her real welfare, is afforded in the wise measures of legislation which immediately followed the famine, and so largely contributed to the prosperity which up to 1859 she enjoyed. These feelings of sympathy and interest have certainly not diminished during the last few remaining years in which the communication between the two countries has been brought almost to perfection, and each has become more known to the other. Unfortunately, this prosperity has received a check. Ireland, though not stricken with actual famine, is brought almost to its verge; and there is very serious distress among her agricultural population. The subject has been brought twice during this session under the notice of the House of Commons; on Friday the 13th ult. by Colonel Dunne, and on last Tuesday evening by Mr. Maguire. The debates on both occasions are said to have been conducted with much moderation; but certainly they were not free from exaggerations, and some very strange theories to account for the distress. One considered the Established Church to be the cause of all Ireland's woes; an argument about as good as that of Tenterden Steeple being the cause of the Goodwin Sands. Another thought that the delay in granting the Galway subsidy, and the refusal to build a harbour of refuge on the west coast of Ireland would account for a portion at least of the misery. Absenteeism was the root of the evil in the opinion of others. Mr. Longfield would account for it by over-taxation, a theory which was torn into shreds, in the face of facts, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Mr. Maguire and a number of others consider that the entire fault lies with Parliament for not having legislated better on the relations between landlord and tenant. This latter seems to be the favourite theory, though it is nothing more than the old cry again repeated that the landlords are the great impediment to Ireland's prosperity. It is in vain to tell these gentlemen, as Lord Palmerston did, that legislation on the matter had been pushed as far in 1860 as it possibly could without infringing on the rights of property, that anything more would amount to "Communism," and reduce landlords to be mere annuitants on properties which would, in fact, be transferred from them to the tenants. The notion has got into the minds of Irishmen of a certain stamp that Ireland can only be helped out of her miseries by "tenant right," or some other such method of holding land against the will of its rightful owners; and it seems really useless to attempt to reason with them.

But that there is really distress in Ireland we have abundant testimony to prove, and it cannot be questioned; and the more immediate causes of it are obvious, namely, the three successive bad seasons of 1860-62, to which may be added the American war. In the spring of 1860 came the hay-famine, when fodder ran up to fabulous prices; and the small farmers were drained of their little ready money in endeavouring to keep their farm stock alive. Notwithstanding this sacrifice, their cattle very generally perished, especially those of the poorest class of farmers. The late spring was followed by a cold summer; and the winter found them much reduced in the resources of money and stock.

The season of 1861 was unusually wet, so much so that the turf-fuel was scarcely dried; and, though the oat crop was a fair average, the potato was nearly a failure, being small and wet, and scarcely fit for food. The year 1862 did not much mend matters. The summer was both cold and rainy; the crops with difficulty came to maturity; and there was a great deficiency in the average yield. To these disheartening circumstances was added the action of the American war on the trade of the country. Owing to the Lancashire distress, the English market demand for Irish bacon and butter fell off. The diminished demand caused a fall of price in these articles; and this, combined with the already reduced yield, caused a double falling-off in the money value of the farm produce of the year. It is no wonder, then, that great difficulty should have been experienced in the payment of rents, and that much real destitution should prevail.

But, though these are the immediate causes of the present depressed state of Ireland, one cannot but feel that there must be something totally astray in her whole agricultural system, or in the character and habits of her people, which unfits her for meeting a cycle of unfavourable seasons, and passing through them unscathed. In these more remote causes the true explanation of Irish distress is to be found; and to remove them ought to be the aim of the true philanthropist and legislator. The Roman Catholic religion has been alleged to be one of these causes; but we cannot see how its sufficiency as a cause can be proved. It may be true that, in the past political circumstances of Ireland, this agency has operated unfavourably on the character of the people, producing disaffection, depriving them of freedom of thought and self-reliance, and embittering the relations between landlord and tenant. But we do not find that religion always producing these results, and necessarily impeding agricultural prosperity. Belgium is eminently prosperous in agriculture. In Lower Canada that religion does not create agricultural distress. In Italy, regenerated under Victor Emmanuel, it is not likely to do so; and we cannot therefore see why it should *in itself* have any such effect in Ireland.

Much has been said of absenteeism as a potent, if not the chief, cause of Ireland's miseries. But its effects have also been greatly exaggerated. The notion has originated in the idea that Irish money is spent by the landlord out of the country, as if it made much difference whether he eats his Irish beef and bacon at home, or after it has been sent over and sold in England; or bought his cloth for his coat in the neighbouring Irish country town, or a few hundred miles nearer, in England, to the manufacturer. But it is not easy to see how residence on a property in land is to be generally expected as a duty, if land is to be bought and sold in public market like everything else, as we are now taught by political economists. Why should a capitalist in England, who has invested ten or twenty thousand pounds in an Irish estate, managed it successfully, treated his tenants justly, and given them every reasonable indulgence, be obliged to reside among them? What has residence or non-residence to do in such a case with the success of the farmer in his farming? There are no better managed estates in Ireland than those in the county of Derry belonging to the London companies, and no happier tenantry; and yet no landlord resides among them. Whatever, then, may be the advantages of having a resident landlord—and they may be many—we cannot but think that they have been greatly exaggerated. The happiness and prosperity of a people depends much more on themselves than on any such extraneous aid.

But this brings us to the true cause of the inability of Ireland to meet a sudden agricultural reverse of fortune—namely, the subdivision of the greater portion of the country into small farms of not more than five, ten, or fifteen acres. It was alluded to in last Tuesday's debate both by Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, who showed that the holders of these farms, being from the very nature of the case men of no capital, are incapable of effecting any real improvements. The extent to which this state of things existed in Ireland before the famine, will be understood from the fact that, out of 691,000 holdings, there were 310,000 between one and five acres, and 252,000 between five and fifteen—making altogether 562,000 farms under fifteen acres. There were only 81,000 between fifteen and thirty, and but 48,000 approaching in any degree to what would be called a farm in England. Was it to be wondered at that, when a famine came, it should have decimated the population, and led to a wholesale exodus? The first effect

of the system was to render impossible the existence of a class of able-bodied labourers, as labourers. They were all farmers, and farmers' sons and daughters, faring as to food and clothing scarcely better than a labourer. If a landlord wanted labourers for his own farm, he drew them for the occasion from his tenantry, and put their wages as payment against their rents. The tenant thus spent his time between his farm and his landlord. The potato, which was the staple food of the country, was so productive, that at times it was thrown out on dung-heaps and into ditches through lack of purchasers at any price. The people became both improvident and indolent. They multiplied rapidly, so that their numbers relatively almost equalled those of England. But the famine came and swept away the potato, and with it, to some extent, the small farm system; and, as a natural consequence, the population fell off by the two and a half millions which have astonished so many thinkers. There is now a great change for the better. The number of farms above fifteen acres has increased to 297,267 in 1859 as against 128,000 in 1841; while the holdings under five acres have fallen from 310,000 in 1841 to 82,000 in 1859. These figures prove that the work of improvement has begun; but in one class of holdings—those between five and fifteen acres—the same progress has not been made, there being still 180,000 of such farms against 252,000 in 1841. These are the holdings which have most resisted the regenerating influences of the changes which have come over Ireland; and it is what might have been expected. They are large enough to enable a family to live on in ordinary times; and even in seasons of pressure they manage to weather the storm; but it is only by going through much privation. There are enough of them still remaining in Ireland to account for its present unhappy condition and the continued flow of emigration. Farmers' sons, who are too proud to seek work in their own neighbourhoods as labourers and farm-servants, and have not enough to do at home, are obliged to find employment elsewhere, either in the constabulary or army, or by emigration to the colonies. It is folly to blame landlords, and to attribute the distress of Ireland to their cruelty or indifference, or to the want of leases or of tenant-right. They are too alive to the truth that the welfare of the tenant is the interest of the landlord, to oppress their tenants; but they struggle against a vicious system which is continually frustrating their best efforts. As a class, they are kind and indulgent, and allow reasonable time for the payment of their rents—time that would not be dreamed of in England. Nothing proves this more strongly than the fact that, in the agrarian murders of last year, the tenants by whom, and on account of whom, landlords and agents were murdered, were not evicted until their rents had been several years in arrear. As to leases, how can a proprietor be expected to give them in the case of small farms, and, by doing so, perpetuate, in opposition to his clearest convictions, the present vicious system, which it is neither his own interest nor that of the country generally to encourage? Or how could his giving them confer much benefit on the tenants themselves, who, under the most favourable circumstances, could not do more than eke out a bare existence on such small holdings?

Whatever, then, be the causes of the present crisis in Ireland, as long as this system remains her people will be liable to periodic recurrences of distress; and emigration will continue to drain her population. It is here the attempt at regeneration must be made. Much has already been done; a class of strong and well-to-do farmers is rapidly springing up; and able-bodied and skilful labourers are in great demand. But there are still 301,146 holdings under fifteen acres; and until this number is largely reduced there cannot be any well-grounded hope of a steady prosperity for Ireland. How the change will be brought about, whether by legislation, or education and the general dying out of prejudices, or by her being left to Providence and the operation of natural causes, time will determine. Meanwhile Ireland may feel assured that, both for her own sake and as an integral part of the United Kingdom, she carries with her the sympathy and best wishes of England.

THE COCK AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A RECENT celebrated case in the Court of Queen's Bench has decided that a cock is an animal, and has a right to be treated as such. Over the cock, henceforward, the Society for the Protection of Animals casts its protecting wing. The cock, therefore, is in a

proud and privileged position. He may illtreat his hens, but nobody may illtreat him; a social advantage which is enjoyed nowhere else except in Turkey. The genius of the age is entirely in favour of these genial protectorates, which have been created by the benevolent. There is, as is well known, a Society for providing broken-down or desolate dogs with a secure and comfortable retreat in Islington. We believe there is also a Society for assisting horses up Highgate-hill in hot weather—a most worthy and charitable plan. The cock, we are delighted to find, is not to be left behind in these days of general philanthropy, and a young nobleman has this week been fined five pounds by the Loughborough magistrates for cock-fighting on a Sunday. A "bloated aristocracy" must not be permitted—so far we thoroughly agree with the penny papers—to trample on the highest and holiest feelings of the cock. The cock has an indisputable claim to a quiet Sunday in the country with his family, and no outrage can be conceived of which he would have more fairly a greater right to complain than that of being made to fight on a Sunday afternoon to please the young Marquis of Hastings. It is all very well tormenting bulls in Spain on Sundays. Perhaps Spanish bulls are brought up in a different way from the Protestant English cock; and in that benighted country, where the terrors of the Inquisition so long raged, and which has never enjoyed the blessings of a free press, the Spanish bull has not had the opportunity of spending Sunday by himself in a rational way. He has been accustomed to be tortured, and to have his Sundays broken in upon by matadors. It is his business to be stuck all over with little flags, and to go galloping about the arena, as a frightful example of the evils of Roman Catholicism and Sunday dissipation. The Spanish bull is so much bound up with the Papal bull, that he is a poor creature, and must submit to the tyranny of intolerant and cruel fashion. There are some things, we are proud to say, in which cocks and bulls are not to be coupled together; and the cock in England never again will see himself on a par with the bull in Spain. Duelling is gone out among all two-legged creatures, and there is a prevalent feeling that it is quite as irrational for two fighting cocks to challenge each other to mortal combat, as for General Brotherton to defy Lord Lucan to the death.

The Marquis of Hastings appears to have gone upon the principle that the day sanctified the deed; otherwise even a more blood-thirsty young nobleman still might have been shocked at the cruelty practised before his very eyes. Six cocks were killed outright, and the description of the sufferings of some is perfectly revolting. His Lordship is said to have "handled" them himself, and the expressions of the bench of magistrates were sufficient to show that they at least considered the case a gross one. Mr. Merewether, the legal adviser of his Lordship, was good enough to admit that the Marquis had "unintentionally transgressed the law," which is as mild an expression as could well have been applied to his conduct under the circumstances. When we consider the example of cruelty set by this young nobleman to his tenants and servants, we shall, perhaps, be of opinion that a pecuniary fine was little punishment enough. The days are gone by when public opinion was inclined to tolerate such jovial wickedness on the part of men of rank and position. There was a time when cockfighting occupation might have been as glorious, as we have no doubt it is a perfectly congenial occupation to young Lord Hastings. But the history of the relations between the British cock and the British nobleman is a changeful one. Once the cock used to have to sacrifice all its prospects and happiness to the pleasure and amusement of the peer. Civilization has progressed, and the cause of the cock is uppermost. The peer must make up his mind to sacrifice his Sunday afternoon's recreation for the sake of the feelings of the cock. We have no doubt, in effect, that the welfare of the cock is connected closely with the welfare of humanity, and that the young gentlemen who enjoy the torture of the cock, are likely to make bad landlords and bad neighbours.

THE JONAHs OF THE EMPIRE.

M. WALEWSKI and M. Persigny have just been thrown overboard by their Imperial master, and Paris is waiting to see how they will swim to shore. The French Emperor has always a difficulty in knowing what to do with officers of State who are no longer wanted. There is no political career in France for anybody but a Minister, and a Minister out of office is for all the world like a fish out of water. In England an ex-secretary seats himself happily on the Opposition benches, and devotes himself with serenity and cheerfulness to the patriotic task of worrying his successor. But on the other side of the Channel there are no Opposition benches to sit upon; and an ex-member of the Cabinet has

nothing to do except to wait patiently in the ante-chamber on the other side of the Cabinet door, till the door opens to receive him again. The Emperor does what he can to soften the disappointment of the resigning official, by either making him an ambassador extraordinary, or else giving him a place in the Senate with a corresponding golden dotation. At present every Frenchman knows that one of two things must happen to M. Persigny, who has been sacrificed by Louis Napoleon after the recent electioneering tempest, very much as a sailor in ancient times, who escaped from a shipwreck, used to hang up his dripping garments as an offering to the god of the sea. He must either be sent on a special embassy somewhere, or else he must be turned, with a golden collar round his neck, into the Senate. Count Walewski will be consoled on his similar dismissal by becoming guardian of the little Prince Imperial, which must be a cruel mockery to a fiery gentleman whose head is running on nothing else except Poland and the Poles. A recent number of the *Journal des Débats* contained a curious telegram from England, to the effect that Mr. Gladstone was about to retire from the Board of Works and to be appointed to the bishopric of Exeter. It was probably the composition of some French wag, who knew French credulity, and who also knew Mr. Gladstone's foibles; but if there is a country in the world where the intelligence might wear an air of truth, it is in France, where no official ever gives up anything without being upon the spot presented with something else. The system of continual pay to such eminent individuals is an expensive one, but it no doubt works well. To be an Imperialist is to belong to a staff where promotion is certain and lucrative, and where there is no half-pay.

The dismissal of M. Persigny was not a necessary step to the preservation of quiet in France, for France has never been on the brink of a disturbance; but it will be a popular and a politic measure. It will be popular, because M. Persigny has taken boldly on himself the odium of a stringent policy towards the press and towards electoral bodies. It is politic, because by taking it, the Emperor seems to encourage the notion that his Ministers, and not himself, are to blame for the unpopular and restrictive measures of the Government. The dynasty strengthens itself by detaching itself at such moments as these from particular Ministers, who are less popular and less liberal than the idea of Napoleonism. The theory of Imperialism is that it belongs to no party and to no set of men; that it is a national creed, not a set of party doctrines. If so, the business of the Emperor is to watch the current of popular opinion, and to set his sails to the breeze. The more he introduces the notion of ministerial responsibility, the more he establishes the throne. This is a political conception which all history fortifies, and Napoleon III. shows that he is not blind to its truth. Paris will be satisfied with the concessions. The recent elections will seem to have had their legitimate force and weight upon the policy of the Government, and the popularity of the Emperor will increase instead of suffering. The simultaneous change in the organization of the Ministry, which virtually abrogates the institution of Ministers without portfolios, is a movement in the same direction. The practical result may not be great; for the real inconvenience has chiefly been felt upon financial questions, in which for some time the curious spectacle was seen of one politician defending in a lukewarm way the budget of his rival, which he disapproved. But all these little changes please the French nation. They do not want to be governed by orators or Orleanists, but they wish for reasonable good government. Most of all are they pleased by these occasional acknowledgments made by the Emperor that the will of the nation ought to be supreme. The elected chief of the State on State occasions wisely lowers his fasces in the presence of the French people.

The resignation of M. Walewski is probably to be explained upon different grounds. The event seems to have a bearing upon the question of Poland; and taken in conjunction with the evident reluctance of England to move beyond the limit of diplomacy, has been taken to imply that the Emperor is resolved not to commit himself to another war for an idea. Such is the interpretation that seems most natural, considering the known tendencies of M. Walewski. On the other hand, the French intelligence teems with rumours of warlike preparations. The event alone can show what is the real purpose of the master of a hundred legions. English opinion may pronounce, and seems likely to pronounce, against any English offensive movement against Russia, however strong the provocation given to civilization and humanity by the terrible scenes enacting in Poland. We must, however, in such a case fairly be prepared to see France recompensing herself, after the threatened war is over, for her sacrifices for Poland. We cannot eat our cake and have it too, and must not expect to be disappointed, if a repetition of a

campaign for an idea is followed by the repetition of a demand for territorial annexations on the French frontier. It is for us to choose between two evils: for we cannot hope to escape both; and it is as well that the English public should know it.

DEATH AMONG THE DRESSMAKERS.

It is only another girl that has fallen a victim to the white slavery of the needlewoman's trade. "Young persons," as this class of our fellow-creatures are called, may die as fast as they please. Their places are, in this Malthusian age, very quickly and certainly supplied. Our social economy provides for the speedy extinction of a superfluous part of the female human stock. The balance of their labour market is continually redressed, not so much—in the fashionable millinery trade—by employing half-time, and for half-wages, a larger number of workers, as by using them up fast and taking on a set of new ones. Some of them are killed outright by excessive toil and the suffocating air of their rooms. Others, concluding with poor Hood's shirtmaker, in favour of the theory of the barbarous Turk, that women have neither souls nor bodies to save, at length prefer idleness and sin to a desperate sort of labour, and peril their lives, while casting away their virtue, in the nightly parade of venal girlhood in our shameless streets.

There are houses where, for the profit indeed of their employers, both these occupations are combined. There was a well-known dressmaker in extensive business a few years ago at the West-End who kept open a—well, a picture-gallery, a museum of art and *virtù*, adjoining the work-rooms of her young people. It is said that gentlemen would sometimes call there, unaccompanied by shopping wives, to inspect, by a special invitation from the mistress, her collection of beautiful objects. The mistress died, full of years and wealth; her gallery of choice paintings, alabaster statuettes, and curious old china, was dispersed by the hammer of an auctioneer; the pretty *bijoux*, which had served as an excuse for the occasional visits of licentious men, were purchased to adorn the drawing-rooms of proud and pure ladies, whose costly robes, perhaps, that same establishment had prepared. It may be easy, in certain situations, by several ways at once, to accumulate a fortune of £20,000 or £50,000. Girls are so plentiful of late seasons, and for the purpose of marriage are so little in demand, that it is cheap for the proprietor of a West-End gynæceum to hire the honest or the ugly for work, and the others for the show department. But we will leave that part of the subject. Colonel Waugh's bankruptcy case has just reminded us of a famous bill for millinery and the like, which was sent in to his wife by the late Mrs. Clarke, of Regent Street, and which astonished the Court, the assignees, the attorneys, and the creditors, in the first exposure of his private affairs just six years ago. We cannot now remember all the items which made up that unpaid account of more than £2,000. The charges may have been fair enough, with an allowance for the improbability of getting the money, though of the value of his personal security Mrs. Clarke was perhaps a keener judge, than his accomplices in the London and Eastern Banking Company were inclined to be. It is perfectly natural, and we do not say it is unjust, that a certain class of tradespeople should indemnify themselves, by extortionate prices, for their enormous risk of bad debts. The ladies who are fond of finery, beyond the limits of their stipulated pin-money, should lay the blame upon themselves, if they find that the West-End milliner or dress-maker is obliged to fabricate an unconscionable bill. Their remedy is to be more careful, not only in the rate of their own expenditure, but in employing those houses which are known to prefer the honourable sort of customers, instead of resorting to the favourite *modiste*, who is recommended by the patronage of fast women, and of the women belonging to fast men. We have some reason also to think that, by a little quiet inquiry and supervision in this quarter, it would be fairly in the power of respectable matrons to remedy, in some degree, the two-fold evils of systematic cruelty and of systematic corruption, which annually destroy a terrible average number of the oppressed and betrayed youth of their sex. Ladies, of course, will mind their own business; and they have a right to give their orders where they please. Yet we observe that they are disposed, at the present day, to betake themselves to many forms of direct philanthropic effort, in aid of which our advocacy is constantly desired. We may therefore be permitted to tell the fair presidents, patronesses, visitors, and committee-women of sundry institutions for moral, social, and sanitary reform, that while their public counsels and ministrations, if prudently directed, are possibly the means of doing a little good—for much good is sure to be wasted in the doings of any benevolent association whatever

—they should at the same time, within the sphere of their private influence, do all they can to discourage a system fraught with so much evil. We are really of opinion, that if the ladies once chose to set about it, they might, without any more leading articles in the *Times*, or debates in the House of Lords, introduce a thorough reform into the management of fashionable dressmakers' and milliners' establishments, by countenancing and recommending those in which the comfort, the health, and the morality of the girls are properly cared for. The difficulties of legislation upon the matter are admitted; but of this we shall have more to say. We are quite aware that a society was lately formed by some ladies of distinguished position, for the express purpose of promoting this object. We fear, however, that it has languished into forgetfulness, or become utterly defunct, without effecting the slightest improvement. It is rather by private and personal exertions, that the vicious habits and customs of the trade may be cured.

Poor Mary Ann Walkley may not have died in vain, if the outburst of horror and indignation excited by her case should at last enforce the attention of rich and happy women to those deplorable practices, which have so often been exposed without any result. Death cries out sternly from the dressmakers' room; he proclaims the social guilt which festers beneath all our gaieties in the height of the London season. It is only a girl,—who might have lived to be a wife, a mother, a parent of men and women,—it is only a youthful, scarce-grown plant of human life, which is of all weeds the least precious in the estimation of the world,—only this, untimely crushed and broken, stifled, robbed of its sap, and bidden to perish, when it has served, for a season, the vanity of fashion and the lucre of trade. There are so many girls! They are sometimes cursed with a talent for artistic needlework, and they like it better than the healthy, homely labours of the housemaid. They come up from the country, leaving perhaps the shelter of some humble home, to take employment at 170, Regent-street, under such a master and mistress as Mr. Isaacson and "Madame Elise." A hundred and fifty ply the needle for this humane and enterprising pair. Eighty-five are taken in and lodged,—taken in and done for. Sixty are put to work in two small rooms, where each (we quote Dr. Lankester's report) is allowed but sixty cubic feet of air. Why, any medical man will tell you that they ought to have, at least, five or six times that allowance, unless they are intended to sicken, faint, and die. But they exist and toil there—who knows how painfully?—for ten or twelve, fourteen or sixteen hours a day. On the eve of the last Court drawing-room the Court milliner kept her slaves hard at it, day and night, all Friday, and till nine o'clock on the Saturday morning. The girl who related this, in her letter to the *Times* last week, does not say that they worked any more on the Saturday; and we are assured by Mr. Isaacson, when he writes to that journal in his turn, that they "had the day to themselves." How much was left of themselves, we wonder? after more than twenty-four hours' continuous drudgery, cramped on the narrow seat, crammed by thirties in a room where they could not breathe, early at work on the first day, and until after the usual breakfast time on the next day, stitching incessantly the

"Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain grows dim,
As well as the weary hand!"

But then comes, at some hour of the day or night, a grudging permission to repose. "Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," is accommodated, even in the household of Madame Elise, with a place set apart for his blessed dominion. Mr. Isaacson, writing in the *Times* last Wednesday, boldly asserts that "each young lady had between 300 and 400 cubic feet to breathe in." Against this statement, we put the following statement of Dr. Lankester, who admits, indeed, that the one particular chamber in which this young woman happened to die gave 340 cubic feet of air (a very insufficient quantity) for each of the four persons that slept there; but what does he say of the rest?—

"Since my own inspection I have had measurements made of all the upper rooms in each of the houses occupied by Madame Elise, and I have calculated their cubical contents, and present them in the tables annexed. From these tables it will be seen that there are 19 bedrooms, in all containing accommodation for 74 persons. The average of cubic feet for each person is 310. This quantity is not, however, equally distributed, as there are 8 rooms in which the occupants have less than 310 feet, and 11 where they have more than this quantity. In one room the quantity of air for each individual is but 120 feet. The room in which the young woman died contained above the average cubical contents for each person in the bedrooms of the establishment."

Will the local sanitary inspector, to whom Mr. Isaacson has the audacity to appeal, contradict these estimates of the space, and will any physician or physiologist approve the allowance of 120

cubic feet in a bedroom, and of 60 cubic feet in a day-room, whereas it is notorious that we consume even more air in our waking than in our sleeping hours? We refer, however, to a special article upon this question in another page. It may be charitably assumed that Madame Elise and Mr. Isaacson were very ignorant—his letter proves him to be grossly illiterate—and they did not know, with scientific precision, the amount of space required. They had never, we imagine, themselves tried the experiment of inhaling, at least for a few minutes immediately after the girls had risen, the air of those "little cells, made by dividing the room into compartments, each just large enough to contain two beds, with two of the girls in each bed." We are, therefore, inclined to adopt the suggestion of Dr. Lankester, that professional oversight should be employed, and that stringent regulations should be enforced, with a view to prevent overcrowding in all places of this kind:—

"Neither the heads of houses nor young persons in houses have sufficient intelligence to know how to ventilate rooms and apply the necessary means which science has suggested for rendering houses employed as ware-rooms and workshops more healthy. This I think a question worthy the consideration of the legislature, whether some systematic inspection under educated officers might not take place of all establishments where large numbers of persons are domiciled, as in schools, shops, workshops, and workrooms."

At the same time, we are not of opinion that it is desirable here to impose, as in the case of factory hands, any legal restriction upon the hours of labour. Few artisans, few tradesmen, few professional or literary men, but must sometimes have found it necessary, though it might be only for some rare emergency, to prolong their toil through the night. Yet we would fain spare the young and the delicate, if possible, even when they are making up dresses for a visit to St. James's Palace, this exhausting amount of toil. Could not the ladies aspiring to be presented to the Princess of Wales on that occasion have taken thought a week earlier as to wherewithal they should be clothed? We saw a minute description of all that feminine finery, which filled above three columns of the *Morning Post*. When was it ordered? When will it be paid for? How much of it, we should like to know, came from the ateliers of Madame Elise? It is conceivable that many pieces of that gorgeous apparel, seen by the eye of sensibility, are stained with the sufferings of this dead girl and her companions. Let us then hope that, before the satins and the laces of this month's wear shall be discarded from the wardrobe, a resolution will be passed by the leaders of fashion to put an end to this cruel condition of the peculiar industry of their sex.

THE BYRON BURLESQUE OF OPERA.

THERE is a theory of the origin of species which would derive mankind from the ape. It may be unfounded in physiology, and repugnant to moral feeling. But it may draw some confirmation from certain popular theatricals of the present day. Their design and action are pure monkey; their speech is mere parrot; and the parrot is the monkey of birds. For there is a vast difference between mere unintelligent mimicry and the true, imaginative, dramatic art. It is no less than the distance between Man and Monkey, or between Man and Parrot, as we have said. What is the special talent of Pug and Jocko and Saucy Poll? It is to perform a continual travesty of the discourse and gestures of our race. As a company of burlesque players, these feathered bipeds and quadrumanous brutes might as well be engaged at the Adelphi or the Strand. With a less troublesome training than that of the poodle-dogs and monkeys of M. Dessarais, they would surely be qualified to undertake the favourite line of business in some pieces that we have lately seen. The "modern burlesque" has come to such a pitch of bestial stupidity, that the aid of rational creatures may be dispensed with in its performance. All the requisite feats of pantomime can be done by monkeys, with superior agility and comic grimace. A parrot or starling might easily be made to recite quite as much as any audience ought to hear, of the slang and nonsense with which the play-books are filled. The silly birds can repeat a snatch of broken talk, or whistle three bars of a tune, without obliging vocalists to prostitute their delightful art by the repetition of silly and disgusting verse. We cannot endure this any longer. "The Ill-treated Il Trovatore" cries for our vengeance. It was bad enough at the Olympic last Easter, with Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Acis and Galatea," when the divinest airs of Handel and a charming pastoral fable of Greek mythology were basely jumbled with the vilest ribaldry of Yankee Bogus niggers and of our Cockney snobs. But Mr. H. J. Byron has earned the poet's prize, offered by the Goddess of Dulness in Pope's "Dunciad," for diving the deepest and groping the foulest in the sewage and the slime of Thames.

Why should any human beings, who, like Mr. Toole and the ladies playing Manrico and Leonora at the Adelphi, are very capable of higher things, be called upon for this senseless exhibition? Is there a conspiracy to degrade and utterly destroy the noble histrionic art? Clever men and women, as these are, might really be spared the humiliation of enacting such parts, and of speaking such language, as are set down for them in a piece which is vaunted in the current playbills to-day for "Byron's best." His pen is as fatal as the wand of Harlequin-Circe, or Harlequin-Comus, in the most shocking transformation scene, where we see a company of people suddenly changed into the nature of a set of silly, skipping, jabbering, gesticulating animals, without the slightest purpose or consistency in their behaviour, and with only a certain parrot-like facility of catching the sound of words, or at least of syllables, overheard from the articulate speech of mankind. This is the effect produced at length by the recent compositions of Mr. H. J. Byron, under the auspices of Mr. Benjamin Webster, on the Adelphi stage. What can they mean by it? Do they wish to supply an experimental proof of the Darwinian theory? or to warn us of the possible fulfilment of that dreadful prevision, suggested by Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Carlyle, which contemplates a future state of existence, when the abuse of human faculties and the indulgence of simious propensities will be punished by our restoration to the original state of apethood?

It is the fault of a highly critical contemporary, if we are provoked into a controversy on the merits of this peculiar Byronic literature of the present age. Our neighbour, the *Saturday Review*, with its fine catholicity of spirit, was at great pains the other day to laud Mr. H. J. Byron for his singular ingenuity in catering for this generation of play-goers; and we have been desirous to examine the grounds of that favourable judgment. With our habitual deference to the opinions of a journal hitherto assuming to be the organ of a sect of literary Purists or Pharisees, we felt that a contributor, who told us he knew how to construe the most intricate Æschylean chorus, might claim to decide, as it were *ex cathedra*, upon the classical productions which adorn the Adelphi stage. Yet his parade of Greek scholarship would have been more germane to the subject, if he had compared the plays of Aristophanes with those of Mr. Planché, the genuine offspring of a fine airy fancy, moulded with artistic skill, expressed with many happy turns of phrase; witty, graceful, and in admirable taste, which used to delight us at the Lyceum ten or fifteen years ago. Madame Vestris is no more, and Mr. Planché has yielded his place to authors who mangle both sound and sense, who outrage every feeling for whatever is noble and beautiful in the humanities of art. But we think it might have been appropriate, in an article purporting to review the history of burlesque and extravaganza on the London stage, if the writer had just mentioned those charming compositions of Mr. Planché's, with which nothing of Mr. Byron's can for one moment be compared. The rapid deterioration of the popular taste is terribly conspicuous in the descent from such pieces as we can remember, to the gross and vulgar buffoonery, without a ray of intelligence, which now solicits the cachinnations of gallery and pit. Let us, however, take note of those achievements of "verbal pleasantries," for which Mr. H. J. Byron, as "the leading professor of the modern burlesque language," is so industriously praised by no less an authority than the *Saturday Review*. This standard of criticism will determine the value of its future judgments.

What, then, is the "verbal pleasantries" for which this burlesque of Byron is gravely commended? It consists, we are informed, in "such an arrangement of words that groups of syllables, perhaps as many as four in number, are echoed by groups of similar dimensions." But this is mere *parrottry*, and it is the whole of Mr. Byron's craft. His kind and partial critic, in the journal which we have named, requests us to admire a few specimens of this contrivance, the few words in each quotation being carefully underlined to assist the reader in seeing the joke. In a passage, for instance, extracted from "Beautiful Haidee," Mr. Byron's travestie of Lord Byron, the commentator dwells with serious approval upon such lines as the following, in which it is remarked, after the subsiding of a storm at sea, that—

"What was commotion is now all calm ocean."

Another line, in which the heroine's complaint, that she is kept too close at home, and never allowed to go to a Ball, or Fancy Fair, or Fête of *Horticulture*, is met with this reproof:—

"You are a naughty gal ter talk that way."

Again, when she says, "My limbs to chains you doom 'em," the stern guardian of her domestic imprisonment replies, "Yes, we do, mum." Again, as she is deprived even of the solace of the last

new novel, this poor young lady "in her room *mewed* is, with no books from *Mudie's*;" for in all these particulars, we are told, "the law" (or *lor*) "*made* by her *pa* must be obeyed by her *parlour-maid*." Who now can rise from the perusal of these wretched jingles, and of the critical essay in which, as bugs in amber, they are so curiously enshrined, without mingled feelings of astonishment and disgust?

"The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare;
But wonder how the devil they got there."

How indeed came Mr. Byron's burlesque of "The Ill-treated Il Trovatore" to be honoured with an elaborate puff in the *Saturday Review*? There are more things in heaven and earth, and elsewhere, but especially in the sphere of theatrical criticism, than are dreamt of by an innocent play-going public, in its philosophy of idle submission to the self-styled arbiters of taste.

We are not of those austere Puritans who utterly condemn the pun, as a base, dishonest, and nefarious thing. We do not lay it down, with the great English lexicographer, that a man who will perpetrate a pun is criminal enough to pick his neighbour's pocket. We will not cite this rule to pronounce Mr. Byron guilty of the most heinous felonies within the cognisance of penal law. That playful trick of similarly sounding words has, in every age, been resorted to by some of the best authors, classical, sacred, and profane. A very modest and discreet punster of our acquaintance was threatened one day with a fine of five shillings for each repetition of his darling sin. He sued for mercy, "Let me not be so pun-i-shed for every pun I shed." Mr. Byron, who is the author of some thirty punning pieces, never made a pun so neat as this, though it is nothing better than a mere sportive exchange of syllables, however perfect in its kind. But the art of punning is only justifiable as an auxiliary to real humour or wit; as when Dr. Johnson himself told the Dons of a venal Scotch University that they would "grow rich by degrees," or when somebody promised a traveller that he should not starve in the desert, "because of the sand which is there." In these lawful applications of the pun, we find a shrewd or queerly incongruous idea, like the spicy almond in a sugar-comfit, enveloped in the pleasant jingle of resembling vocables; but in those of Mr. Byron's clumsy manufacture, we find no kernel of wit or humour, no after-taste of a whimsical or satirical thought. He is the most awkward punster, as he is also the rudest versifier, that ever pretended to conjure with the sounds of words. He cannot even make musical nonsense; he has no more ear than a donkey for the finer differences of English pronunciation, or for the rhythm and the rhyme of English verse.

We feel bound, however, seriously to protest against the offensive and debasing character of the late attempts in this kind. We can admire the true burlesque, in which, as in "Tom Thumb," "Chrononhotonthologos," and "Bombastes Furioso," our mirth is excited by the incongruity of mock-heroic declamation with incidents of a trivial nature. But it is a paltry expedient, for lack of original invention, to pollute the stories, the scenes, dialogues, and songs, invested with touching or elevating associations by a former artist, and to court a foolish grin by distorting and defiling that which is beautiful in itself. The other day it was one of Handel's operas, as we saw; now it is one of Verdi's; and though scientific musicians do not rate the popular Italian *maestro* in the highest rank, none of the audience who heard Mario last Friday night in Covent Garden could desire to let Mr. H. J. Byron work his wicked will upon the "Trovatore" without an indignant rebuke.

The action, too, as well as the music, is indecently and inhumanly abused. We really cannot see the fun of Mr. Byron's hideous parody upon the scene in prison, where Manrico soothes the anguish of his mother, as she lies in a delirious fever. It may be true, that representations of sickness and madness are unfit for the tragic stage; they are doubly unfit for burlesque. Yet this is not the worst. That scene in which Leonora, outside the walls of the prison, hears the monks chanting their *Miserere* for the soul of her lover, already condemned to be put to death; and, in the midst of their solemn dirge, the voice of Manrico from a window of his cell, as he bids the world and his bride farewell,—even that scene, in which a legitimate dramatic effect is set off by some of the most pathetic music that was ever composed, has been marked out for the foulest profanation. We almost shudder to relate how this villany is managed, by mixing up the air of *Ah che la morte* with that of *I am the Perfect Cure*. The other day, when a murderess was hanged at the Old Bailey, we had the Perfect Cure at the foot of the gallows. The shameless purveyors of comic sensation to the low mind of vulgar half-price Cockneydom will not stop at this. What do they care for Shakespeare and the musical glasses, or for what Shakespeare says about the man who is not moved by con-

cord of sweet sounds? We can guess what a set of monkeys would do with a set of musical glasses. We already see what becomes of the lyric drama in the hands of some "leading professors" of the viler sort of burlesque. From the vocal halls of bitter-beer and brandy, they reel into the sanctuary of melodious tragic art. Hiccapping that vilest slang of the Whitechapel costermongers, which beguiles the midnight orgies of Holborn 'prentices and snobs, they dare to break the spell of *Non ti scordar di me*, the tender accents of an eternal farewell, in a tale of love and sorrow and untimely death. We congratulate these gentlemen upon their odious success. We expect of them still greater things. The oratorio, as well as the opera, shall be abandoned to them. Since they have begun to make free with Handel, they may next invade the repertory of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and produce at the Adelphi a corresponding burlesque of the musical performances in Exeter Hall. It will be sure to pay, for it will provoke, in a numerous class of hearers, that peculiar laughter which is said to be like the crackling of thorns under a pot. Keep the pot boiling, no matter what you throw into the fire. The progress of foolery is marvellously quick. After the apotheosis of a Henry Byron, we shall, in turn, greet the advent of a Tom Tennyson, a Dick Milton, and a Harry Shakespeare, who will confound the arts, the literature, the mind and manners of the English people, to that lowest state of final depravity in which a zoological transformation, as predicted by Carlyle, may crown the destinies of our race.

COLONEL DICKSON'S WRONGS.

If ever a man had justice done to his character, that man is Colonel Dickson. He has had the benefit of a Board of Inquiry composed of officers in the regiment he commanded; a Board of Inquiry appointed by the Commander-in-Chief; an action for slander, brought by him against Earl Wilton, his Colonel-in-Chief, and tried before the late Lord Campbell in 1859; and another action for slander against Colonel Walker, the officer who succeeded him, which was tried before the present Lord Chief Justice in 1860. All these inquiries arose out of charges brought against him with respect to his conduct while in command of the 2nd Tower Hamlets Militia, and three of them, at least, took place on his own motion. If the first and second proved so unfavourable to him that he was removed from his command, he had at least the satisfaction of obtaining verdicts in the two trials which placed his honour beyond question, though his qualifications for the command of a regiment of militia might still remain open to doubt. But, not satisfied with so fair a share of success, he has once more appealed to public opinion through the medium of the Court of Queen's Bench, in a trial which has occupied the Court for more than a week, and the report of which covers some thirty columns of the *Times*. This time he has taken a higher flight. Having triumphed over his successor and Earl Wilton, he has chosen in this action to unite the Earl with Lord Combermere, the Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, and General Peel, in a charge of having conspired together, falsely and maliciously, to misrepresent his conduct to the Queen, and having thus induced her Majesty to remove him from his command. This is a tremendous charge. Putting Lord Wilton aside, it arraigns General Peel, a man of unimpeachable honour, with having abused the confidence of his Sovereign while acting as her Secretary at War. It imputes the most disreputable conduct to a venerable soldier, now in his ninety-fourth year, who has filled every rank in the army from cornet to field-marshal; who, at Salamanca, was second in command to Lord Wellington; who has been commander-in-chief in India, and who, after fifty years' service in the British army, is now supposed to have conspired, by false and malicious misrepresentations, to get rid of a lieutenant-colonel of a disembodied regiment of militia! But if the charge was astounding so was the evidence. Colonel Dickson could not produce even the ghost of a fact in his support. There was no conspiracy, no shadow of a conspiracy. And the only theory on which we can understand how Colonel Dickson could pretend that there was, is that he seems to have been haunted with the belief that every one who had any connection with his regiment had, for their sole object in life, the grand idea of depriving him of seventeen and sixpence per day. Captain Cooper had conspired against him. Captain Judd had conspired against him. Captain Walker had conspired against him. Colonel North, his predecessor, had conspired against him. Captain Dixon's conduct had been discreditable. Captain Poley's conduct had been discreditable. There had been a conspiracy from the first to get rid of him; at first on the part of the junior officers, then on the part of the seniors. Colonel North, even after he had

left the regiment, had busied himself with "trumping up charges against him;" was "working with Major Walker;" and "pulling the strings behind the scenes." Surely, if all this true, the inference is fair that an officer who could not command the respect of those under him, was not fit for his post. But this is not the inference which Colonel Dickson draws. He concludes rather that the epidemic of conspiracy had spread from the lowest subaltern to his colonel in chief, from him to the Lord-Lieutenant of the Tower Hamlets, and from the Lord-Lieutenant to the Secretary of War. Never was a man so honoured by the virulence of his enemies.

Put in a nutshell, the case amounts to this. In March, 1855, the 2nd Tower Hamlets Regiment of Militia was embodied, the Earl of Wilton being Colonel-in-Chief, Colonel North, Lieutenant-Colonel, and the now Colonel Dickson, Major. In August, 1855, Colonel North retired, and Major Dickson succeeded him as Lieutenant-Colonel. In June, 1856, the regiment was disembodied, and disputes arose as to the accounts. In May, 1857, three officers were appointed by Earl Wilton to inquire into them; and in July the Board reported to the Earl that £1,670 had been received, and £1,423 disbursed; leaving a balance of £247 to meet outstanding debts, which amounted to £757. They reported further, that between the embodiment of the regiment in March and the formation of the mess committee there had been great misapplication of the funds, and that Colonel Dickson had, contrary to usage, given large orders for goods, without the consent of the officers; that there had been no due investigation of the accounts of the regiment; that only one mess meeting had been held; that Colonel Dickson had a balance of £132 in hand; and that, since October, 1855, he had retained in his hands certain sums due to the Regimental Fund, although at the same time tradesmen were pressing for payment. This report Earl Wilton sent to Colonel Dickson. Colonel Dickson replied, answering its various heads and offering to produce his vouchers. In January, 1858, the Earl forwarded to Lord Combermere certain charges as to the matters of account; and in March Colonel Dickson was called upon for an explanation. In May Earl Wilton again forwarded to Viscount Combermere a long letter, containing various charges against Colonel Dickson, which the Viscount embodied in a letter to General Peel, then Secretary of War, dated June 9. To that letter General Peel replied on the 30th of June, instructing his lordship to call upon Colonel Dickson to resign, with the alternative of being immediately removed from his regiment. The colonel refused. On the 11th of August, at his pressing instance, made through Mr. Thomas Duncombe, a Board of Inquiry, appointed by the Commander-in-Chief, sat at the War Office, and, on the 13th of September, made its report to General Peel. On the 22nd General Peel wrote to Viscount Combermere that, upon due consideration of the minutes of the evidence of the Court of Inquiry, he desired that Colonel Dickson be called upon to resign, which the colonel again declined to do. On the 17th November General Peel wrote to Viscount Combermere, giving Colonel Dickson for the third and last time an opportunity of resigning his command. Again Colonel Dickson refused, and in the following December he was cashiered.

We may now throw aside some twenty columns of evidence, and come to that of General Peel, which, happily for us and for our readers, reduces this vexed question to a very narrow compass. Colonel Dickson was dismissed, not because every man's hand was turned against him, but because with his own hand he had written down his condemnation. The Regimental Board made a report; Colonel Dickson replied to it in writing; and General Peel, looking solely at the facts which he admitted, dismissed him from his command. Upon Colonel Dickson's own written admission, various tradesmen's bills were left unpaid for two years and a half after the disembodiment of the regiment. £152 of the Mess Fund, which should have been applied in payment of the "kit," was spent upon entertainments. Colonel Dickson consented to this misapplication of the fund; at least, he says, "I did not interfere." But it was his duty to have interfered, and to have seen that there was money enough to pay for the kit which had been ordered, before £152 was spent in amusement. Again, three different presidents of the mess committee succeeded each other, while the regiment was embodied, without accounts being taken, or balances being handed over by the old president to his successor. To one tradesman £508 was due; £150 to another. Money was due to wine merchants; but none of the presidents had ever paid a farthing from the amount collected by them for the wine consumed. "I found that the accounts," says General Peel, "were in such a disgraceful state when the regiment was disembodied, that if it were possible (as I believe it is not) that it should ever occur in a regiment of the line, the officers who were in command would be at once removed."

Most properly. But General Peel has put the case too mildly. Our readers will bear in mind that the regiment was embodied in March, 1855, and disembodied in June, 1856. The accounts of the regimental agents from the 24th of November, 1855, to the 5th of May, 1858, have been examined by a professional accountant, who at the time of the Court of Inquiry reported as follows:—

"It appears that on the 18th of February, 1856, when the outstanding claims were not less than £436, and the balance in the agent's hands was £305, Colonel Dickson drew out £150, only £100 of which he paid away, retaining £50 to the end of March, when it had been further increased to £61. On the 14th of April it was reduced to £17, but next day he drew out £75 from the agents, on account of which no payment was made by him. In May £35 was paid by him, but £60 was drawn out by him on the 14th, by which the balance in his hands was increased to £106. On the 20th of June it was reduced to £62, and on the 12th of July £100 was received by him from Lord Wilton for the band fund, which was not paid by him to the agents, by which the balance in his hands was increased to £162, which was retained by him, no payments being made on account thereof until the 7th of November, and on the 14th was increased to £167, and no payment was made on account thereof until May, 1857, by which time it was further increased to £247. On the 7th of February, having that balance in his hands, Colonel Dickson, desiring to pay the wine merchant £49, borrowed that amount from the paymaster, and retained a portion until the 1st of June, 1857, between which date and the 24th of July the balance was reduced to £26, which does not appear to have been yet repaid."

Where, with such a case against Colonel Dickson, was the need for a conspiracy to remove him from his command? Can a stronger case be imagined against an officer at the head of a regiment than this which we receive from himself—that he permitted a misapplication of the funds of his regiment, postponing debts incurred to tradesmen, to the more pleasurable, doubtless, but the very prodigal expense of entertainments which there was really no money to meet? Will nothing but the theory of a conspiracy account for Earl Wilton's irritation when he found himself sued for the debts of a regiment with which he had only a nominal connection? Will that theory alone explain Viscount Combermere's opinion that the lieutenant-colonel who had suffered so disgraceful a state of things to arise ought to resign, or General Peel's belief that he was unfit to command? This is a question upon which every man is competent to give an opinion, and upon which there must be a universal consent. Colonel Dickson's honour is not questioned. But surely he, who could tell his officers that he had the right to dismiss them without court-martial if he pleased, ought not to find fault with the Secretary of War who treated him with such considerate leniency. Possibly enough, the Court of Inquiry conducted its proceedings without regard to the rules of judicial investigation common to military tribunals; and we may admit that nothing could well be more ridiculous than their proceedings. But Colonel Dickson has relieved us from the duty of entering at all upon this question. He has written down his own condemnation, and the impertinent charge of conspiracy falls to the ground.

THE CRUIKSHANK GALLERY.

MEASURED by quantity alone, the collection at Exeter Hall of the etchings and woodcuts of George Cruikshank, to which we called attention in a previous number, is a remarkable sight; the more so when we consider that, after all, it is merely a selection. The fecundity is amazing; and fecundity, be it observed, is one of the signs of genius. For the last sixty years, almost, Cruikshank has been an ever-working servant of the public. There are even sketches in this collection which bear the date 1799—the century of Hogarth; but they are only the jottings of a precocious boy, with a world of undeveloped art in him, and are simply exhibited to the public as curiosities. From the early years of the present century, however, down to the year in which we are now living—from the days of the Regency to those of Queen Victoria—from the epoch of George Augustus, Prince of Wales, to that of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales—this indefatigable pencil has been throwing off caricatures, squibs, illustrations to songs and illustrations to books, pictured morals like those of Hogarth, quaint fancies such as Hogarth could not have approached, delineations of contemporary manners, and creations for all time. Like some of the old Italian and Flemish painters, Cruikshank's works make a gallery in themselves. We walk from one wall to another, bewildered by the mere amount; and, if asked to summarise in a few words the prevailing style, find it difficult to give an answer. An attentive examination, however, will, we think, result in an impression that Cruikshank's various styles throughout his life have generally been more or less affected by that in which he began. He commenced his career as a caricaturist; and something of the

caricaturist's love of exaggeration is visible in most of his productions, from the sketches made by the boy Cruikshank down to the oil painting of "The Worship of Bacchus," whereon the colours are yet scarcely dry.

When George Cruikshank was a youth, the great caricaturist of the day was Gillray. He was the "H. B." of that period. An uneducated man, and coming at a time when humour was scarcely understood apart from coarseness, he worked with a rough power and broad farcicality which would now be considered unpleasant. But for a long while he set the fashion to succeeding caricaturists, and it was thought that the wildest excesses of oddity were permissible to the designer of burlesques. Cruikshank was born in the midst of this condition of comic art, and was in some degree influenced by the prevailing mode. To his credit be it said, he did not transgress the limits of decorum, but he ran riot in the somewhat rank efflorescence of his fancy. Notwithstanding the conspicuous ability of his early political sketches—their creative humour, vigour, and life—they do not strike very agreeably on our modern eyes. Something, of course, is to be conceded to the loss of immediate interest in the subject; for a caricature derives much of its vitality from the electrical condition of the public mind out of which it issues. But this is not all. We have outgrown a certain infantine fondness which we had in the last generation for exhibitions of ugliness. It was the result of imperfect art-education—of a childlike condition of mind as regards that particular thing. Children, though they will much more quickly make friends with handsome than with ill-looking people, have no idea of fun apart from hideousness. Half their pleasure in the pantomimic clown is derived from the astounding distortions and discolourations of his face. The same may be observed of nations which have not yet been educated to the love of beauty; and, as we had not been so educated in the opening years of George Cruikshank's life, his pencil received a corresponding tendency to the uncouth. His caricatures, political and social—at any rate, those which he produced in his young manhood—abound in physical deformities, and are sometimes rather depressing than exhilarating. The habit, however, greatly diminished in after-times, and the humour of the *Comic Almanacks*, of the *Omnibus*, and of the thousand and one plates which the graver of Cruikshank has furnished as illustrations to books, is often genial and enjoyable. In riper years he gave up caricaturing, and wisely so, for his genius lay far more emphatically in another direction. The elder Doyle, whose political sketches with the signature of "H. B." were the great attraction of the print-shop windows when some of us were young, became the chief caricaturist of the intermediate days between Cruikshank and *Punch*, and was the first to show that pictorial pasquinades may be executed with a prevailing spirit of elegance. *Punch* itself has followed in the same wake, and won an immortal name by refining satire, and allying it with generosity and grace. But it would be unfair to George Cruikshank to quarrel with him for not having done the same thing fifty years ago. All the elements and characteristics of society were against such a reform. It was a coarse age, brutalized by years of war, by exclusion from the civilizing influences of intercommunication with foreign countries, and by the drinking habits of all ranks of the people; an age distinguished by a low, vulgar, and bloated class of physiognomy, by the disfigurements of gout, apoplexy, and palsy, and by the meanest style of costume that ever existed. We have improved incalculably in all these respects since the reign of George IV.; and Mr. Leech can now give us pictures of English life, of which, on the whole, we need not be ashamed before the world.

But the tendency to exaggeration which runs through most of Cruikshank's productions is frequently not a fault, but a positive virtue. It forms the finest element in his drollery. If in the humour of actual every-day life he has his superiors, in the humour of fancy he cannot be approached. The exuberance of invention—the antic sportiveness—the fertility of suggestion—the endless variety of grotesque detail, so that illustrations of the main idea start out of every "coigne of vantage," out of arch and corbel, out of roof and casement, out of chair-back and table-leg, out of the pattern in the carpet, out of the tracery on the walls, out of the flame of the taper, out of the glowing embers in the fire—until, as in some of his designs for fairy tales, and in the wonderful plate called "Ghosts," the whole conception seems instinct with goblin phantasy,—all this is truly inimitable. No one does such things with half the grace and wild vivacity of Cruikshank; nor can any one so artfully suggest, in the midst of all the grimness, an over-mastering spirit of fun. The possession of this unrivalled power—which would be German if there were not a hearty English health in it all—makes Cruikshank the best illustrator we have

ever had of the more homely order of fairy tales. In the purely beautiful and dignified parts of that fascinating domain—the epic glooms and glory of enchantment—there are greater masters; notably the French artist, Gustave Doré. But in Elf-land our Englishman reigns supreme. He would not be the man to illustrate the “*Faerie Queene* ;” he has too much lurking oddity, quaintness, and humour. But the stories of the nursery, and the fantastic creations of German legend and romance, have no such artist as George Cruikshank. His Pucks, Brownies, and Kobbolds, his dwarfs, giants, and goblins, his imps and his witches, have the true character of the northern mythology in aspect, dress, and action—in their mingling of the quaintly human with the wildly supernatural. The illustrations to Grimm’s *Fairy Tales*, to Sir Walter Scott’s “*Demonology and Witchcraft*,” and to “*Cinderella*,” “*Hop o’ my Thumb*,” and other favourites of our young days, are admirable achievements of fancy and ideal truth. So are the water-colour drawings from “*Tam o’ Shanter*.” So are the plates executed for the German romance of “*Peter Schlemihl*, the Shadowless Man,” where we seem transported into the strangest land of no shadows and diabolical shadows ever conceived by mortal brain. “*Frankenstein*” would be a glorious subject for Cruikshank’s pencil. Even in his treatment of familiar topics, the grotesque often prevails to such an extent as to give a look of goblin meaning to commonplace facts. He piles up a punning conceit to an altitude of hyperbole that is positively poetical. In one of the early *Comic Almanacks* we have an illustration of the “*Dog Days*.” All the persons introduced are life-like sketches of beings such as we see about us in our accustomed walks and ways; yet the effect is like a dream. Never were men and beasts of this world brought together in such a fanciful juxtaposition—and all to work out a pictorial jest! The scene is in “*Houndsditch*.” There are dogs everywhere, and men whose whole purpose in life seems to be to aid in the canine universality. Dogs are leading blind men and drawing hawkers in carts; but you see that the convenience of the masters is merely incidental, and quite subordinate to the supreme necessity that in the *Dog Days* everything shall be of the dogs doggy. Gentlemen are bargaining in the street with dog-fanciers; dancing dogs are performing to Italian organmen. The very dead walls have entered into the conspiracy, and announce on placards the performance of “*The Dog of Montargis*,” a meeting of the hounds, and the fact that “a quantity of *Bark*” is to be sold. In the same way, “*Boxing-day*” is made visible to our eyes. Man becomes a thing of secondary consideration, and the business of life is tributary for the nonce to the Empire of Boxes.

It will generally be found that for his complete success Cruikshank needs the elements of fancy or picturesqueness. The latter quality he possesses in a marked degree. The high life and middle-class life of the present day—those scenes in which Leech is so admirable—do not suit the artist of “*The Bottle*.” In low life, his truth and power are supreme. His burglars, Fagins, and Dodgers, are as exact as photographs, and a thousand times more vital. His haggard denizens of feculent courts and alleys, and his wild-eyed drinkers at the bars of gin-palaces, have the squalid tragedy that belongs to their existence. But in all such subjects there is a certain species of picturesqueness, to which the smooth and comfortable life of the superior classes is a stranger. For a similar reason, Cruikshank is always at his best in depicting the manners and costumes of a bygone age—more especially of the eighteenth century. Singularly hard, stiff, and mechanical in delineating landscape (where his trees are like bits of blanket stuck on poles, and his hedges like bolsters), he is quite in his element in dealing with old-fashioned, timber-built houses, street scenes at night, or the grim obscurities and mysterious vaults, dungeons, and passages of the Tower of London. The pictorial breadth which he can throw into drawings of this kind—the Rembrandt-like effects of *chiar’oscuro*—are sometimes magnificent, and give to many of his etchings almost the effect of finished engravings. In another region of the picturesque—the jollity, adventure, and peril of the sea—he is equally excellent. His tars are sketched to the life. They have the genuine salt-sea smack—uncouth in feature, droll in action, good-natured, and manly, with a look all over them of being like no other creatures under heaven, and of always acting from a point of view inconceivable by land-lubbers, and belonging entirely to themselves.

As a book-illustrator, George Cruikshank is, in our judgment, superior to any of his successors, and far ahead of his predecessors in the days when Hayman’s plates were thought to give value to a work. As a creator of “*pictured morals*,” he has rendered an amount of service to society which we should find some means to recognize. As a mere contributor to the amusement of successive generations, he stands in the first rank; and, as an ally of pub-

lishers and authors, he has won more gold for others than he has probably made for himself. He has honoured art, and artists and the public generally unite in honouring him.

THE NEW HOTEL SYSTEM.

WHEN railways were first brought into operation, and one by one the splendidly appointed mails that used to leave the Post-office yard at St. Martin’s-le-Grand dropped out of life, and found their way to coachmakers’ backyards, what a revolution was inaugurated in our social habits! Any great invention affecting our social arrangements is sure to carry in its wake other changes scarcely less important. But the first puff of the locomotive, as it sped on its way to Manchester—what a shock it proved to old ways and habits of thought! In conservative England, however, although the current of change may be moving rapidly in any given direction, it is very remarkable how long old forms and habits will remain to all appearance unchanged by the revolutionizing agent. Progress goes on like the white ant in India, eating out the heart of the thing it attacks, until the outside is hollowed to a shell, which the slightest touch reduces to dust. Let us instance our old hotel system. What ages seem to separate us from the days when the travelling world used to put up at the Bell Savage, the Saracen’s Head, the Swan with Two Necks, the Black Bull, or the Bell in Holborn! The type of all these famous old inns was pretty much the same—a great court-yard into which the coach rolled with its heavy load, and a quadrangle surrounded with wooden galleries and balconies by means of which the guests found their way to the different bed-rooms, a low bar, a stuffy coffee-room, and a much superior commercial “*parlour*.” The model was that of the Tabard of Southwark, in which the genius of Chaucer assembled his *Canterbury Pilgrims* in 1383. Such were the renowned inns of London to which middle-class travellers resorted not more than five-and-twenty years ago. These were the only genuine old hotels in existence. ’Tis true that a sort of mongrel inn, constructed out of three or four old houses, with floors on different levels, and with partitions cobbled up to suit the exigencies of the moment, was from time to time called into existence; but, with the exception of the houses mentioned, there were no other hostels specially built to suit the requirements of the travelling public. In these inns such things as carpets were not known in the public rooms thirty or forty years ago, and we can all remember the funereal four-posters in the bed-rooms, the old thread-bare carpets, the musty old corner washstand, with the cast-iron soap, which had passed through the hands of countless travellers without even raising the ghost of a lather. Such was the accommodation *Paterfamilias* was obliged to put up with on coming to London a quarter of a century ago; nay, in many cases, as late as ten years back; and for charges such as should have commanded all the comforts of home. It is true there were, and still are, certain hotels which sought a particular custom, in which a traveller could be comfortable enough. For instance, Furnival’s Inn, in Holborn, is still the great home for country clergymen and other professional gentlemen, who love a good glass of port. The Castle and Falcon is sought by Manchester merchants and other commercial “*gents*,” and the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch-street, is still famous as a resort for seafaring men. At the West-end, again, the family hotels are “*little heavens below*” for those who can command the purse of *Fortunatus*; and the Clarendon, in Bond-street, is a kind of noble preserve, in which all the old and noble families engage suites of apartments for the term of their natural lifetime, paying for them every season, whether they are used or not, whilst its younger sons hold out at Long’s. And last, but not least, there is Mivart’s, in which they receive nothing lower than crowned heads and princes of the blood royal.

Notwithstanding the controversy carried on in the *Times*, in which the shortcomings of London hotels were so clearly pointed out, and notwithstanding the splendid hotels which have long flourished in the United States, it seemed as though matters would never mend, and that we were condemned to old buggy fourposters for ever. The hotel proprietor was an old man of the sea, and seemed destined to ride to the end on the shoulders of the British public. Yet the whole system was hollow. The Great Western Railway Company, about a dozen years ago, built the Great Western Hotel; five or six gentlemen formed themselves into a company, to work it, perchance, in fear and trembling, and from the moment its doors were opened to its guests its success has been triumphant. The pressing public want of the age had been discovered, and unheard-of dividends were the result. Since that time a perfect mania for gigantic hotels seems to have taken possession of European capitalists. The Louvre, and the Hotel Grand, in Paris, have become famous throughout Europe, and in London every large terminus has its mammoth hotel; and the cry is, still they come. No greater contrast can be conceived than that between the old-fashioned London hotel built and added to by succeeding generations, and the splendid palaces built after some Palladian design, which we now see towering like huge elephants over the surrounding houses. These establishments have leapt into life, fully armed, like Minerva, from the brain of Jupiter. They differ as much from the hotels of our forefathers, as a railway-carriage differs from a stage-waggon. The traveller of the present day, in short, enjoys in this metropolis a first-class club life at third-class club prices.

As the Grosvenor is the latest and largest of these new railway

terminus hotels, we will accompany the reader through its long galleries and splendid reception rooms, and give him a general view of the underground offices in which the main business of the hotel is carried on. There is a very popular print which represents a longitudinal section of a first-rate man-of-war, and which at one glance shows the spectator the whole economy and anatomy of a great war-ship of the old school. If we could make a transverse section of the Grosvenor, it would be equally interesting, and, moreover, it would represent a thing of the advanced present, instead of, as in the case of the 120-gun ship, only a picture of the past. No sight in the metropolis strikes the provincial Englishman with more astonishment than the first sight of this huge building. From the dip of Piccadilly he sees it looming in the distance, far over the head of the royal palace; as he gets nearer it seems to grow into the air; and as he *debouches* full upon it from some side street, it towers up like a mountain before him—a mountain chiselled from basement to garret with clustered fruit and flowers, all wrought in enduring stone. A fastidious taste may perhaps think the building somewhat overdressed, but there can be no dispute about the enormous amount of labour spent in its enrichment, or respecting the imposing appearance of the pile, with its "stories without end" which the giddy head refuses to count. The richness of its exterior far surpasses the Louvre Hotel, from which it totally differs as regards construction. From the open nature of its site it is lit almost wholly from without, whilst the model Parisian hotel, jammed in between tall houses, was constrained to adopt the interior court system, which, together with some advantages, on the whole contrasts unfavourably with the design of our great metropolitan hotel. The disadvantages are patent the first moment we enter the doors of the Grosvenor. Although we enter a noble hall, from which marble flights of stairs ascend with almost regal dignity and amplitude, yet we must confess that we miss the exquisite grace which greets the stranger as he drives into the crystal courtyard of the Louvre. We miss the tropical verdure and the trophies of flowers which adorn the grand court, the oriental palms on the balustraded stairs, through which fair faces gleam and bright eyes glisten from the open windows of the gilded saloon as the bell announces the arrival of strangers. By night, again, we miss the bright *café*, the brilliantly illuminated offices, and the fringe of guests smoking and claretting, and clattering *petits verres*, whilst ladies sip ices and demurely quiz; we miss, also, the *salle-à-manger* which rivals the finest rooms of the Louvre palace in gilding, in rich mouldings, and in its painted ceilings. But this, in all the true substantialities of an hotel, in the comfort of its arrangements, in the light of its apartments, and in its cooking, and last, but not least, in its moderate charges, may challenge comparison with its Parisian rival. When we speak of rivaling, however, we only refer to management and arrangements, as no London hotel yet constructed can bear comparison either with the *Hôtel Grand* or Louvre in magnitude. For instance, the Grosvenor makes up only 180 beds, whilst the Louvre can accommodate 500 guests, and its sister hotel an equal number, we believe. Whilst, however, Paris can only sustain two of these gigantic caravanserais, London will, in a short time, possess at least a dozen of the more moderate-sized railway hotels, of which we take the Grosvenor as a type.

But let us enter, as we have tarried long enough on the threshold. If you wish, good traveller, to spend but moderately, and you are therefore told that you must mount to the third flight, your mind and your legs also will be relieved at being invited to enter the ascending-room. At the Louvre you sigh as you see your heavy luggage taken up by the "lift," and wonder why humanity should be treated worse than trunks and portmanteaus. But "they manage these things better" at the Grosvenor, at least as far as the traveller is concerned, for he steps into a room, throws himself on a lounging sofa, and, lo! he is in a trice on the third floor. Meanwhile the porter is constrained to carry his own load and that of the traveller up the long and wearisome flights of stairs,—an error this, but one which the traveller will at least contrast favourably with the arrangement of his Parisian hosts. When we consider the waste of human muscles that a few gallons of water scientifically applied can save, we wonder that these convenient ascending-rooms were not in public use long ago. One hundred and twenty gallons of water is sufficient to work the hydraulic apparatus by which the room, with its complement of seven inmates, can be lifted, say 120 feet, which, at fivepence a thousand gallons, makes the cost a little more than a halfpenny.

But here we are on the third-floor, and as the room stops level with the landing, the head chambermaid, who has been spoken with through the gutta-percha tube from the bar below—or "bureau de reception," as our Parisian friends have it—meets us and conducts us to the apartment assigned to us. As in the Parisian hotels, there is a service to which is attached a head chambermaid and two subordinates, neatly dressed in black stuff with white aprons. The "service" here is not the gossiping, lounging room of the Louvre, in which the male attendant receives the keys and dispenses bad cigars to the little company on his particular *étage*. We know the obvious limits of service which nature draws between men and women. Men do not make the beds, and women do not act as porters. The room of the head chambermaid is used simply as a station, to receive orders and to receive the keys of the guests. One is astonished abroad to find the keys of every guest hanging in the hall of the hotel, on a black board, opposite the number of his bedroom; and one is more astonished to find that the clumsy, ill-wrought keys are all alike, and that it is the easiest thing possible either to take your neighbour's key when he

is out—and you may be certain he is out by the fact of his key being on the peg—or else to use your own key to enter any apartment whose lock it will fit. When the Grosvenor was opened the foreign system was adopted, in so far as hanging the keys openly in the "service," and the result was that different rooms were entered and robbed, by the facilities thus given, to the extent of £500. If this had gone on, it would have ruined the hotel. Mr. Hobbs was therefore called in, the doors were altered so as to open from the inside only by the handle, and from the outside by the patent key; consequently, if a guest should leave his key on the mantelpiece, and slam the door behind him, the master-key of the manager would be his only means of obtaining ingress. If he took his key he would leave it at the service, not open, as abroad, but in a frame specially fitted up to receive them, and fastened with a patent lock, the key of which is retained in the possession of the head chambermaid. By this arrangement surreptitious entry into any guest's room is impossible, and since its adoption, robberies have altogether ceased.

It is unnecessary to describe the bedrooms, all of which are lofty. We may go so far as to say, they differ as widely from the old bedroom of the British hotel, as these did from the sleeping-room of a well-ordered private house of the best class. In addition to the usual conveniences, 120 of the sleeping-rooms have private *closets*. Those only who have experienced the indescribable odour of those apartments in the immediate vicinity of the said *closets*, in the very best hotels in Paris, will be able to appreciate the merit of this arrangement. There are private suites of rooms on the different floors for families; and as no great hotel should be without its facilities for wedding breakfasts, the Grosvenor boasts a resplendent range of chambers fitted for the especial service of Hymen. The ground floor is devoted wholly to the public rooms; the dining-room is perhaps one of the most cheerful apartments in London. Unlike the dark *salle à manger* of the Louvre, which is lit by a borrowed light from the interior, its windows look out upon the stream of life for ever flowing to and from the Victoria station. No attempt has been made to introduce the *table d'hôte* dinner, as it has been proved over and over again that it is not suited to the tastes of Englishmen. Your Briton has no objection to make one of the three or four hundred guests who quiz each other in foreign hotels, or even at English watering-places; but we decline to depart from our habits of reserve in our own great cities. If any person could have successfully established a *table d'hôte* dinner in London, Mr. Verey was the man; but he made the attempt, and failed, some years ago, and it has never been tried a second time, at least for the delectation of first-class Englishmen. Since the breaking up of the pew system, if we may so term the high/boxes which of old partitioned guests from each other, isolated tables, to hold four persons, seem to be the fashion, and these at the dinner-hour are generally well filled, attracted by the very good cooking and the admirable manner in which the table and dinner is served. It is certainly an innovation in hotel charges to be able to obtain a really good dinner of soup, fish, and joints, with vegetables, for four shillings, and a dinner from the joint, with vegetables, for three shillings. The lift, which communicates with every sitting-room as high as the third story from the kitchen, distributes each meal all over the house "hot." The smoking-room is a magnificent apartment, thoroughly ventilated. The ladies are taken care of as well as the men. They have a private room devoted exclusively to themselves, and opening into the library, well stored with books and periodicals, which is appropriated to the guests resident in the house. It will be seen that this new style of hotel, of which the Grosvenor is the exemplar, is arranged more like the apartments in a private mansion than the ordinary inns we have been accustomed to, where the coffee-room, at best, contains a Post-office Directory, or perhaps a local guide book—the newspaper always being engaged by the gentleman "upstairs."

But the chief points of interest in the hotel are to be sought in the basement. Here, in the spacious offices underground, the real agencies by which the great household above is provided for, lie hidden from the general eye. It is a small town we traverse, rather than mere domestic offices. For instance, under the road, and opening into the spacious area, we notice the bakehouse—all those delicate rolls which furnish the dinner-table are made on the premises; and as we pass, the white-capped baker is seen busy with his peel, getting ready the bread fresh and fresh for the day's meal. In the next arch we see the fish-store—it is a veritable fishmonger's shop, bright with scarlet lobster, glistening with silver salmon, and tinted with the delicate hues of the red mullet, all ranged on the ice-cold slabs. In the next compartment is the ice-house, with its refrigerators, the grand conservatory of perishable delicacies in the dog-days. Some little distance off, water in its liquid condition, is to be found. Boilers under the roadway circulate hot water over the entire house; within the distance of twenty yards we pass from the Tropics to the Pole, and witness the arrangements for dispensing either refreshing cold or life-restoring warmth to the population above.

In the basement of the establishment are to be found the usual offices, but so magnified in their dimensions as to be scarce recognizable. For instance, here is the den of "Boots;" but this renowned individual, like our Lord High Admiral, has been put in "commission," and his duties are now performed by a committee of six. Then the washing-room is passed—a large apartment presided over by an active little lady, who passes her entire life amid large mounds of soiled linen, which are ever rising and falling around her like the foam-crested waves of a chopping sea. Curious to see the daily items which composed the mass, we furtively glanced at the washing-list—a document almost as big as a parish

register—and "500 towels," "150 sheets," "57 tablecloths," at once informed us of the scale on which things are done at the Grosvenor. Then there is the plate-room. The amount of plate used by the hotel may be estimated when we say that four men are exclusively employed in keeping it clean. Regiments of tea-pots, officered by tea-urns, were being examined as critically as a company of soldiers by their inspecting general; and what shall we say of the tea-spoons, but that their name is legion? The glass-room is presided over by a solitary hermit, who divides his time between a clever exercise of the muscles of the wrist in rinsing the articles under operation, and a professional cock of the eye in taking stock of its cleanliness; imagine, good reader, having to do this without intermission from year's end to year's end!

The still-room of a large hotel, when in full operation, is perhaps the most bustling apartment in the house—its name therefore is a complete misnomer. Here all the current articles of food are served out. There are drawers full of tea, sugar, and the thousand and one odd things required at the breakfast and dinner table. A waiter brings a cheque for a certain amount of tea, say a small teacupful, which is considered enough for one, and this he pays for himself at the bar—sometimes it is a bone counter; these cheques or counters are filed by the retailer, and are made to tally with the amount she draws from the store. The store or general shop of the establishment is presided over by the wife of the manager, who issues what is wanted for the day's consumption early in the morning to the heads of the different departments.

In the store-room, the diversity of articles is extraordinary: there is a chest of cigars, for example, and not far off a hog'shead of sugar, or a chest of tea; mops, brushes, packets of black-lead, house-cloths, are stored away on shelves with neatness and regularity. It is a rule of the establishment that a certain article is to last a certain time, and when it is worn out it must be brought back to the store to be exchanged for a new one. All these *débris* are immediately chopped up and destroyed, so that there can be no possibility of putting them into circulation again. Stock is taken of the stores once a month. Thus, as far as possible, waste and theft, those fruitful sources of bankruptcy in ill-managed hotels, are provided against. The food departments are extensive and exceedingly well managed. The butchery is, in fact, a butcher's shop, with this exception,—that every article is prepared for the spit at a moment's notice. The fowls are trussed; the outlets are trimmed and bread-crumbed; the ham and bacon are prepared over night for the morning meal; the quails have their aprons of bacon-fat properly fastened on, and constant forethought is exercised for the advent of the irascible traveller who wants an elephant stake in five minutes from the time of ordering it, and keeps on ringing the bell until it is served. The larder is calculated to feed the mouths of Gargantua. The kitchen of the Grosvenor reminds us of that at the Reform Club; all the same excellent arrangements, the same labour-saving appliances, in order to accommodate large numbers at the shortest notice. The *chef de cuisine*, or head cook, as he better likes to be called, is a renowned man in his way, and certainly knows how to serve up a good dinner.

The service of this large establishment is conducted by thirty men and sixty-five women, the women all dressed in a simple black and white dress,—a good hint this, taken from our French neighbours, who insist upon a class dress for domestics. In all matters of detail the very best habits of the private gentleman's house are carried out in this splendid establishment; consequently the traveller may find all the comforts of home, combined with advantages which only a very large establishment can command. We cannot help thinking the size of the Grosvenor is a happy medium, less than such leviathan houses as the Louvre or the *Hôtel Grand*, or Astor House, New York. It is not so large as to bewilder the guest, or to swallow up his individuality amid the mob located under the same roof, and yet it is large enough to contain within itself every necessary accommodation. It is not like Astor House—a mere collection of private apartments, inhabited by private families, covered by one roof; neither is it a gigantic *restaurant*, with bedrooms which are made to do duty as sitting-rooms, like the grand piles built by the *Crédit Mobilier*;—but it is a thoroughly English hotel, in which the family of distinction may find a princely home, or the single traveller, studying economy, may get a good bedroom for two shillings, the use of the splendid library for the mere price of the service, a breakfast for half-a-crown, and as good a dinner of three courses as he could desire for five shillings, or for three if he wishes to dine economically. It is everybody's palace.

Let it no longer be said that the seed sown in the *Times* has borne no fruit, or that the hotels of the British metropolis are the dearest and worst in Europe. On the contrary, it has been clearly shown that a guest can live as cheaply in this grand hotel as in many of the second-rate hotels abroad, and certainly far more economically than our fathers used to do in the buggy White Harts and White Lions of their day, with their slipshod, flat-footed, greasy waiters, their buggy fourposters, their splendid variety of "A stake, sir, or a chop, sir," or perhaps "a 'biled' fowl, sir," which inevitably composed the whole repertory of the *cuisine*, and with their beggarly servants who fleeced you in droves on your departure, never expecting or hoping to see you again.

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

If the signs of the times are to be regarded, we should say that the career of the speculative mania is approaching its end. According to the old aphorism, "straws tell which way the wind

blows," and there can be little difficulty in forecasting the future to predict the probable course of events. Ever since the introduction of the three *Crédit Mobilier* companies which constituted the last phase of speculation, the growing distaste of the public to new enterprises has been becoming daily more visible, and the endeavour now to float fresh projects is viewed as so hopeless that few even of the popular promoters dare to attempt the experiment. The grand *coup* anticipated in the case of the financial societies, notwithstanding the influence of high names and the share of subscribed capital, was not realized, and the effect has since been to repress the appetite of the operators, who naturally hesitate to follow the stream when it is found that the attractions of Bank parlour names and the members of the best houses in France have lost the prestige which they formerly exercised. The "Argus-eyed" public are in fact getting initiated into the mystery of this species of project organization, and can trace by watching the ordinary course of the money and share markets the network of fraud and deception by which they are surrounded. They can see, if they take the least trouble to investigate, that the principal mammoth institutions when announced can secure share subscriptions at 10 and 12 prem., the market price, as soon as a full-blown directorate is ushered into existence; but as they are not allowed to participate in allotments, and can only get them by purchase, they eventually discover that having paid that quotation they must hereafter—even when the undertaking is brought into operation—be content to sell, if they wish, at about half the original cost. It would be invidious to select special examples in treating this question, because it is not with individual companies we propose to deal, but simply with the principle at issue.

Whilst, however, looking at the points identified with this movement, we cannot close our eyes to the circumstance that the three financial societies—the International Financial, the General Credit and Financial, and the London Financial—have either more or less entered into business pursuits. What will be the results of these several engagements the next four or five months will in some degree determine. We hear all sorts of rumours of the enormous profits they are making; of the large contracts arranged, and of the certainty of the Rothschilds, the Barings, and the other leviathan houses having at no distant date to bow their heads meekly, retire, and liquidate; but pleasant as this kind of gossip may be to interested parties, the associative principle will have to be much further developed in this direction before competition will reduce these establishments. It is, of course, very likely, if these special undertakings prosper, that they will, much in the same ratio as the Joint-Stock Banks are superseding private banks, work in the progress of years into the connections of these private firms, and ultimately battle with them for their business. Meanwhile they will have to encounter much opposition, and surmount strongly-rooted prejudices, created by the doubtful proceedings of their Parisian model and the speculative tendency of its general engagements. If it were not for the promises made by the directors of the International Financial Society, which is so directly allied with MM. Pereire and the *Crédit Mobilier* Company, we should be inclined to look suspiciously at the first transactions into which they have entered. Pledges have, however, been so distinctly given of prudence being the guiding star of their arrangements that it would seem almost hypercritical to question the judgment of those leading financiers in the contracts they have already undertaken. The first thing they have introduced has been the Egyptian Commercial and Trading Company, with a heavy capital and only one strong point to recommend it—viz., the patronage of the Viceroy. This secured, it is at once imagined that Egypt and the Egyptians will be placed under tribute to the proprietors. Let us trust that the pleasant illusion will never be dispelled by errors of management, pressure of calls, or the other evils that occasionally mar the fair prospects of many similar schemes.

But this territorial conquest hardly appears to be sufficient for them. They might, it is true, and no doubt on very favourable terms, have absorbed the Suez Canal, and with it the prime originator, M. Lesseps; they preferred, however, to pass that bone of diplomatic contention by, and take a range much more expansive into the heart of British Columbia and Vancouver's Island. The Hudson's Bay Company, an antique establishment, paying through ordinary discipline a dividend of 10 per cent., has become the object of their ambition, and the directors have, it is said, effected an arrangement by which they have bought the stock of £100, which was selling in the market at £210 and £225, at the price of £300. We are bound to admit that at present nothing has been disclosed to show what the International Financial Society propose to do with it; but, on the face of the agreement, unless some important change is contemplated, they appear to be paying pretty dearly for their whistle. Dim recollections float through our mind that this establishment is somewhere in Fenchurch Street; that it has hitherto been a kind of appanage of patronage to Bank directors who have for years past occupied the principal seats at the board; that the late Sir John H. Pelly was governor; and that the latest great event connected with its history was the disastrous death of poor Simpson, after making important discoveries in a long exploring route over the Company's properties. It is rumoured that the dividend can yet be preserved, and the estates, with their rights and extended privileges, be largely improved. Possibly the directors will, like the directors of the Australian Agricultural Company on the discoveries of gold in New South Wales, divide the property and constitute another undertaking, as was done by organizing the Peel River Land and Mineral Company. It has been suggested that three companies may be formed out

of the one—viz., one for hunting, fishing, and sale of furs; another for the partition and disposal of the lands; and a third for prosecution of mineral researches. If on the principle of *ex uno disce omnes*, they would be dividend-paying indeed. At least let us hope that they possess a better chance of success than the Australian Agricultural and the Peel River Company, which, with regard to prices, in the heyday of their supposed prosperity, went up like a rocket, but subsequently descended like the stick, and are now but second and third-class securities. Most people do not believe in these revivals. These old-fashioned companies, born in periods similar to the South Sea, the Levant, the Turkey, and other associations of that ilk, have lost caste; and except during a time of speculation, as at present, this kind of metamorphosis would not be tolerated. What next will be the character of enterprise adopted by the International Company to show its activity in working? Will it be Dock amalgamation, Bank amalgamation, or other far-sought arrangement? *Nous verrons*. The General Credit and Financial Society and the London Financial Association are comparatively quiet and unobtrusive in their transactions. They have made no demonstrative displays—they have not reached forward to take large responsibilities—but they have nevertheless moved onwards, and in some directions with profit. Here again it must be confessed that the risk will be proportional, and that unless the soundest discretion is exercised, a single loss may outweigh the general accumulations of the entire half-year. Agencies, it is believed, will be given of these two companies—agencies which will leave a commission without a participation in the adventure, and thus narrow the limit of hazard. If business of this class in sufficient magnitude can be compassed, it may turn out not so greatly remunerative, but it will be much less liable to fluctuation than that which the International has so zealously pursued.

These companies, their engagements and their prospects, have, as we have said before, brought the late speculation to a stand. Their inauguration and present development have exhausted the creative powers of promoters, and present such demands for capital that new schemes, except through their intervention, will fade almost as soon as they are presented. The *auri sacra fames* of the public has lost much of its strength, since it is apparent that premiums may be suddenly converted into a discount, and that calls are gradually but surely testing the *bona fides* of many of the mushroom projects. We do not hear so much now as a few months ago of the large sums made by the individuals who were early in the field with the new Banks, the new Insurances, and the new Hotel Companies. The claims of promoters are not so liberally recognized, preliminary expenses are ruthlessly curtailed, and company-mongering solicitors and qualified directors are much more discreet in either entering into or allowing themselves to be announced as connected with these undertakings. If these respective financial societies shall have effected no other good, they will have assisted materially in crushing and placing beyond the power of committing harm a variety of small doubtful schemes which would have preyed on the purses and persons of that section of the public least capable of protecting themselves, and who, though they can ill afford it, invariably become the dupes of designing knaves. The fate of the professional speculators themselves few will regret. They have had the time to make their harvest, and if they have neglected the opportunity they have but themselves to blame. Their fraudulently obtained proceeds, whether through promotion money, share rigging, or allotment hunting, if secured in one channel, will speedily be exhausted in another, the temptation among this class of dealing in the multifarious securities afloat being too great to be resisted. The final reckoning will come with them; we already see it approaching; the days of bright hats, bright ties, bulbous pins, and cable chains will soon pass away; and in the course of the autumn, when the "spirit of seediness" shall have made himself at home in these circles, we shall meet many of our old acquaintances in apparel more suited to their recognized worth and proper position in society.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

BISHOP WARBURTON.*

THE once great reputation of Bishop Warburton has dwindled down to little more than the preservation of his name; nor can it be said that he did or wrote anything for which he deserves to be better remembered. At the same time, as he filled a considerable place amongst the literary men of the last century, his life and works serve in some degree to illustrate the manners of his time and the state of learning in England. In this portly volume Mr. Watson has carefully collected all the facts that can throw light on the career and character of the pugnacious prelate; and he tells us quite as much as any one need care to know about the heavy treatises and bitter pamphlets of which he was the author, and the innumerable controversies in which he was constantly involved. We suspect, indeed, that the general reader's interest in the subject will hardly suffice for the digestion of so substantial a biographical meal, especially as we are bound to add that the cooking hardly makes amends for the poverty of the materials. Mr. Watson is far from an animated writer, and has an unfortunate tendency to

indulge a vein of commonplace reflection. He has rather flung together a mass of crude materials, than worked them up into an effective and interesting whole. Still, his work is a storehouse of information, and we propose to use it for the purpose of sketching briefly the Bishop's life.

William Warburton was born at Newark, December 24th, 1698. After receiving his education at the grammar schools of Oakham and Newark, he was articled to an attorney; but although he was admitted a member of this branch of the legal profession, he soon turned his attention to the Church, and received deacon's orders in December, 1723. As might have been expected, his stock of learning was at this time very scanty, as is proved by the wretched style of the Latin dedication to Sir R. Sutton of a volume of miscellaneous translations. However, the faults of his style did not offend the influential personage whose patronage he obviously desired to secure. It was by Sir R. Sutton's exertions that he obtained his first living when he assumed priest's orders in 1727; and to the same source he was indebted for some other country preferments, including the incumbency of Brant-Broughton, near Newark, where he resided during eighteen of the most active years of his life. Previous to his settling down in this parish, he spent some time in London, where he became acquainted with Theobald, to whose edition of Shakespeare he contributed a number of annotations. The circumstance is principally interesting, because it has been made the basis of a charge that he was at this time a conspirator with Theobald's party to annoy and humble Pope, whose intimate friend—it might be said whose flatterer—he subsequently became. To its full extent the accusation is probably untrue; but there can be little doubt that he must have given at least a tacit assent to the depreciatory language in which Theobald was wont to describe the author of the "Dunciad." In 1727 he published his "Inquiry into the Causes of Prodigies and Miracles as related by Historians," a singularly poor performance, and only worth mentioning for the audacity with which the conclusion was plagiarized from one of the most striking passages in the "Areopagitica." His first really important work was "The Alliance between Church and State." His theory of the relations between these bodies was rather that of a politician than a divine. According to him Church and State, although originally distinct, had voluntarily formed an alliance on just and reasonable terms for the sake of mutual advantage. The equivalent which the Church received for acknowledging the civil power to be her superior, was protection in her acts and support to her authority. On the other hand, the State obtained a right to call on the Church to exert her influence in the promotion of virtue and good order, and as a support to the civil jurisdiction. In selecting the religious society with which it will ally itself, the State will be guided by its size and influence, "for the larger a religious society is the better able will it be to be serviceable in an alliance, as having the greatest number under its influence." The connection once formed will not be indissoluble, "for it will naturally subsist only so long as the religious society thus placed in alliance with the State maintains its superiority in numbers over other religious societies." At the same time, while it continues, Warburton was of opinion that it was perfectly justifiable to provide by a test law for the exclusion of members of dissenting bodies from offices of honour and power, in which they might exert influence to the hurt of the allied society. It was a necessary result from these principles that the civil courts should be superior to the ecclesiastical; that no ecclesiastic should be permitted to exercise his functions without the magistrate's approbation and licence; and that the Church, as a body, should enter into business even in the convocations, which they may hold without the express sanction of the civil power. It is hardly surprising that a theory so thoroughly Erastian in all its parts, should have received but little favour from any party in the Church, either in his own or subsequent times.

The work, however, by which Warburton is best known is "The Divine Legation of Moses." It was the object of this paradoxical production, to furnish an answer to those who argue that the absence of the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments from the religious system of Moses, is a decisive proof that he was an impostor. Admitting the fact to be as stated, Warburton contends that it leads irresistibly to the very opposite conclusion, and shows that the Jewish polity must have been under the immediate protection of heaven, or been upheld by means of a special and extraordinary providence:—

"His demonstration of this position he promised to leave very little short of mathematical certainty, requiring only the following postulatam to be granted him, which he considered that all would allow to be reasonable:

"That a skilful lawgiver, establishing a religion and civil policy, acts with certain views and for certain ends, and not capriciously, or without purpose or design."

"This being granted, his proof was to be erected on three very clear and simple propositions:

1. "That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is necessary to the well-being of civil society:

2. "That all mankind, especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching that this doctrine was of such use to civil society:

3. "That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments is not to be found in, nor did make part of, the Mosaic dispensation."

"Propositions so clear and evident," he says, "that, one would think, we might directly proceed to our conclusion:

"That therefore the law of Moses is of Divine original."

* The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester from 1760 to 1779, with Remarks on his Works, by the Rev. J. S. Watson, M.A., &c., &c. London: Longmans & Co.

"The first two of these propositions might very well, it may be thought, have been condensed into one. But the conclusion that the law of Moses was of Divine origin, was to be evinced by one or both of the two following syllogisms:

"Whatsoever religion and society have no future state for their support must be supported by an extraordinary providence:

"The Jewish religion and society had no future state for their support:

"Therefore the Jewish religion and society were supported by an extraordinary providence."

"And again:

"The ancient lawgivers universally believed that such a religion could be supported only by an extraordinary providence:"

"Moses, an ancient lawgiver, versed in all the wisdom of Egypt, purposely instituted such a religion:

"Therefore, Moses believed his religion was supported by an extraordinary providence."

It does not come within our present province to point out the obvious fallacies in this reasoning; nor can we here give any idea of the rambling and discursive mode in which the argument was conducted, or the heterogeneous topics which the author discusses. But we cannot help advert to the deficiency in Hebrew learning which could alone have allowed him to attribute the authorship of the Book of Job to Ezra; the curious absence of critical insight which led him to insist that it was a work of imagination written after the Captivity in order to illustrate the Jewish history; and the utter defiance of all common sense which he manifested in maintaining that the sixth book of the *Æneid* was in reality a figurative description of its hero's initiation into the rite of Ceres. Ridiculous as was the last hypothesis, it had, however, the merit of calling forth from Gibbon (in the form of a reply) the first work which he published in English. Those who care to know what another great English historian thought, not only of this episodic dissertation, but of the book in general, may read in a recent number of *Macmillan's Magazine* the slashing but just criticism which Lord Macanlay left behind him, scribbled on the margin of his copy of the "Divine Legation."

Soon after the publication of the first part of this work—which was never completed—Warburton acquired the friendship of Pope by defending the "Essay on Man" against Crousaz, who had accused the author of being a disciple of Spinoza, and of having inculcated the doctrine of fatalism. The poet and his defender appear to have conceived a warm and genuine regard for each other; nor do we think that Warburton is, upon the whole, liable to the charge of servility towards Pope which is often brought against him. There was a very fair balance of flattery between them; and if the clergyman extolled the poet to his face in language which would now-a-days seem singularly fulsome and extravagant, he received in return from the poet the compliment of being entrusted with the editorship of the "Dunciad," and being asked to write notes upon it. This was one of the works which Pope subsequently bequeathed to him; and as long as Warburton was able to superintend the issue of new editions, he made it a kind of literary pillory, by castigating, in fresh notes, any authors who happened to offend him. His friendship with Pope had, indeed, the most important bearing upon his subsequent fortune, for it led to his being introduced to Allen (the original of Fielding's Squire Allworthy), who had made a large fortune by farming the cross posts, and possessed sufficient influence with Mr. Pitt to obtain for Warburton the deanery of Bristol, in 1757, and, two years later, the bishopric of Gloucester.

It is impossible, in the space at our command, to attempt any account of the multifarious productions of Warburton's literary activity. He was constantly writing, and was almost as constantly engaged in disputes with authors, whom he provoked by his angry and overbearing tone towards all who differed from him. One of his favourite delusions through life was that he was a great verbal critic; and this led him in 1747 to publish nearly, if not quite, the worst edition of Shakespeare which has ever been given to the world. He had neither the patience nor the judgment requisite for a commentator; he was not quick to discern the meaning of another; and was but little versed in the literature of the Elizabethan age. Hence his notes, to use Johnson's words, are full of perverse interpolations and improbable conjectures; while he corrupted the text with the rashest and most absurd emendations. These faults did not escape the attention of his contemporaries, by several of whom his "Shakespeare" was attacked with great severity. If this work proved his weakness as a critic, his credulity was strikingly illustrated by an appendix which he induced Jortin to add to the first volume of his "Remarks on Ecclesiastical History." This was nothing less than the alleged prophetic vision of a boorish Welshman named Arise Evans, who was contemporary with Cromwell; but of this vision—treating it as inspired—Warburton actually wrote an elaborate explanation! His "View of Lord Bolingbroke's Philosophy" is not only weak and desultory in point of argument, but affords abundant ground for the remonstrance which Lord Mansfield addressed to its author on account of its scurrilous and abusive style. His unfairness as a controversialist comes out very strongly in his "Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion."

Warburton's principal literary performance after he became a bishop was his "Doctrine of Grace," directed principally against Wesley and Whitfield. He was not likely to look with any favour upon the remarkable religious movement of which they were the leaders; and perhaps it might even have been expected that he would assail them with just such a stream of vituperation

as made up the substance of this work. He alleged that their teaching was marked by the "impurity of fanaticism;" that "they parted reason from religious opinion, and prudence from religious practice;" that their preaching was not like that of the apostles—"full of many and good fruits;" and that Wesley at all events was guilty of gross hypocrisy. These charges he supported not only by an examination of the doctrines taught by the founders of Methodism, but by copious details of scenes which occurred in the enthusiastic gatherings which they assembled,—by reference to many acts of theirs which he considered censurable, and by a highly coloured narrative of Wesley's conduct towards a Mrs. Williamson, of Georgia. From beginning to end his tone is one of unmitigated scorn and contempt; his mind does not seem to have been once crossed by the faintest suspicion that he was dealing with the greatest and most permanently religious movement which has stirred England since the days of the Reformation. Wesley replied to this almost ferocious attack with marvellous mildness and deference; the answer of Whitfield was, we can easily believe Mr. Watson, a singularly feeble and spiritless production. Neither of these remarkable men were the Bishop's match in the kind of controversy which he cultivated—indeed, their strength did not lay in controversy at all. His lordship, however, fared much worse when, by some remarks in the appendix to the fourth edition of the "Divine Legation," published in 1765, he provoked Lowth to a renewal of an old dispute about the authorship of the Book of Job. To the flippant and insolent personalities of the "Appendix," Lowth replied with an eloquence, a dignity, and a felicitous severity of sarcasm, which must have wounded to the quick any antagonist who was not amply protected by a proof-armour of self-conceit.

Warburton took but little part in the proceedings of the House of Lords; his only conspicuous efforts being a couple of speeches on the proceedings against Wilkes for the publication of the "Essay on Woman." Indeed, he seems to have possessed no remarkable gifts, either as a parliamentary or a pulpit orator. As a bishop there is little or nothing to be said about him; in those days the prelatical mind was not much vexed by calls to active usefulness; and the clergy of the diocese of Gloucester were not subjected during his episcopate to any extraordinary calls upon their zeal or to any peculiar severity of discipline, except in the shape of a sound flagellation of their ignorance in one of his charges. He died in 1779.

We have little to add in regard either to the character or to the acquirements of Warburton. We need say nothing of him as a divine, for although he wrote on religious subjects, the whole tone of his mind was secular; and it would be useless to consult any of his works for spiritual edification. His temper was harsh and overbearing; his self-confidence was overweening; he was morbidly jealous of rivalry, and habitually ungenerous to the merits of others; while throughout his many controversies we seek in vain for any trace of chivalrous treatment of an antagonist. His reading was multifarious; but his learning was superficial and his scholarship inexact. He was neither a clear nor a sound reasoner; his arguments being frequently sophistical, and his views too often the mere vagaries of a reckless fancy. The coarseness of his taste was conspicuous; the scurrility of his language was frequently unmeasured; and Johnson was quite warranted in describing his style as being "copious without selection, and forcible without neatness." At the same time, his mental vigour was undeniable; and his biographer justly claims for him the credit of being free from religious bigotry. Nevertheless there is nothing in his voluminous writings which deserves to be rescued from the oblivion which has fallen upon them; their sole remaining use—if they have any—is to illustrate the literary sterility of an age in which they could confer honour upon their author.

THE GREAT STONE BOOK OF NATURE.*

In this volume, small in size and tastefully got up, Professor Ansted has made an attempt to present, in a shape likely to be generally attractive, the principal facts already ascertained in the history of the earth's crust, with the processes of change by means of which these facts are to be explained. As we glance over the title of the book and the titles of its several parts, we cannot avoid the disagreeable and humiliating reflection that in these days of vaunted progress, march of intellect, education grants, competitive examinations, and general enlightenment, it is deemed necessary, or at least politic, to dress up a simple, lucid, and tolerably lively sketch of the science of geology, in a fashion adapted to the corrupted taste which relishes nothing without the spice of "sensation." Considering that our associations with sermons are not in these days of the cheerfulness sort, we could not recommend an author to entitle a treatise on geology "Sermons in Stones." But, impressed as we are with the present evils and the prospective dangers of the already wide-spread craving for what is called "sensation," and what is, in fact, artificial excitement by means of exaggeration and extravagance in one form or another, we would build impenetrable barriers round the domain of science as well as round that of religion, and keep them sacred to fact and truth; warning off the profane crowd, and leaving them to seek the gratification of their silly or morbid desires, if anywhere, in the stage play and the novel.

We are glad to assure our readers, however, that conformity to the fashion we refer to is limited in the case of this book to the

* The Great Stone Book of Nature. By David Thomas Ansted, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. Macmillan & Co.

headings of its five parts, and that the book itself is what we have just called it, a simple, lucid, and lively sketch of the facts of geological science. In a short introductory chapter the author treats of nature as a book, or rather a library of many volumes, rich in information, written in various languages or dialects, and open to the study and the wonder of man. One of these volumes is the "Great Stone Book," whose leaves are the rock-beds that form all that is accessible to us of the solid substance of the earth; and in it we are to read, by careful observation of its multifarious contents, by equally careful observation of the processes regularly going on in the world around us, and by such interpretation of the former as cannot fail to be suggested by the latter, the authentic history of the earth. A course of reading, this, which few of us in this hardworking world can even attempt; but the fruit of which, gathered laboriously by those who do go through it, and pleasantly presented to us, we shall do well to receive and taste, not without gratitude. We fear, however, that in spite of wise and enthusiastic teachers, and notwithstanding the multiplication of popular manuals, a very large majority will do no more than seek the idlest amusement in random opening of this "Great Stone Book;" "staring with astonishment at the strange skeletons in the British Museum, or the still more strange stony monsters perpetually threatening the following night's repose of the visitor to the gardens of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham."

In the first part, entitled "The Languages of the Great Stone Book," our author explains the action of rivers, sunshine, wind, rain, and frost on the surface of the earth. He points out the difference between the river-bed and the sea-beach, describing the process of the formation of each of them; and he thus sums up the vast effects of the action of rain and rivers:—

"Over the whole world the hills and mountains are being gradually moved away bodily, and lowered by degrees, because of the rain which falls on them and runs off to form the rivers; and the stones and mud carried away help to fill up the sea. This is the inevitable effect of rain, and it is not a small effect, for the whole of Holland is entirely formed by the mud thus brought down by the river Rhine; the greater part of Lower Egypt, the most ancient agricultural country in the world, was deposited in the same way by the Nile; an enormous country in India is the result of deposits left behind by the Ganges; and, in America, the city of New Orleans is built on mud which the Mississippi has brought down from the interior of the continent it drains. Every day throughout the year does this great river throw into the Gulf of Mexico sufficient mud to make a conical hill half a mile round at the bottom and sixty feet high."

In the second part, entitled "The Stones of the Great Stone Book," we have chapters on clay and its varieties, chalk, limestones and marble, sand and sandstone, granite, granitic rocks and lava. The chapter on the clays can hardly fail to excite interest in any reader, however unprepared he may come to its perusal; and many will probably learn for the first time, and with no little astonishment, that the beautiful metal aluminium, which has recently attracted so much attention, and is likely to become of great importance in manufactures and the arts, is the fundamental element of the vulgar material of which we make bricks and build our houses. The importance of clay as one of the most abundant combinations entering into the solid structure of the earth can scarcely be exaggerated. Its relations to agriculture and its uses in various manufactures are more or less known to most people; while few probably are aware that "slate of all kinds is nothing more than clay that has undergone an enormous squeezing," and can by an easy process be reduced again to clay; that felspar, which, with closely allied minerals, is "the basis of all the granites and also of all the basalts and lavas all over the world," is itself a clay with the addition of soda or potash; that pumice and lava are only modified clays; and that "even some precious stones," the garnet, emerald, beryl, and carbuncle, belong to the same class of bodies.

In the chapter on limestones we find an account of the caverns with their bone-contents and chipped flints, which have become familiar to us in connection with the great question, now under discussion, of the antiquity of man; and also a brief explanation of the formation of coal. The curious footprints and markings which have been discovered on some of the sandstone deposits in Europe and North America, are thus described in the following chapter:—

"Triangular footprints, as of birds, are mixed with marks of the step of some small but heavy animal, perhaps an ancient turtle; and here and there are huge clumsy indentations, more like the effect of a large hand than a foot pressing on the sand. These hand-like marks are in sets of two, not four,—the corresponding two being not only much smaller, but generally obliterated. It would seem that the animal must have resembled in its proportions those living kinds which, like the kangaroo among quadrupeds and the frog among reptiles, have two large hind-feet and two very small fore-feet. But no animal now lives, of either class, capable of producing such a foot-mark; and until some bones of the animal could be found, it was hopeless to speculate on its nature. At last, in rocks not far off and of the same kind, bones and teeth were found, which proved that a reptile had lived whose proportions correspond with those of the frog, but whose dimensions exceed those of the largest kangaroo."

The third part, entitled "The Placement and Displacement of the Stones in the Great Stone Book," after pointing out how we may find a connecting link between the present and the past by study of the beds in a brick-field or gravel-pit, treats of quarries and mining, volcanoes and earthquakes, and the disturbance of rocks. In reference to the latter subject, the author protests

against the seemingly natural tendency of the mind to account for the great changes which have evidently taken place in the position of the rocks and the configuration of the earth's surface, by imagining certain violent movements and tremendous catastrophes of which experience has furnished us no example. He warns the student against assuming interferences, rather than gradual and successive adaptations, in the great system of nature, as one of the greatest and most harmful errors.

Part the fourth, "The Pictures in the Great Stone Book," will perhaps be found the most attractive of all. One chapter is devoted to a statement of what the pictures are, and what they mean; another to an account of ancient forests and modern fuel; and a third to a sketch of the inhabitants of the pre-Adamite world. The pictures are, of course, the fossils-petrifications, as they used to be called—or remains of animal and vegetable life embedded in the rocks, and transformed into stone. That this transformation was possible without destroying the details of the once living structure; that the most minute peculiarities of shell, bone, or wood "can be examined under the microscope in the fossil state, quite as well as if recently obtained from a living specimen," is one of the strangest facts known to us. This marvellous change, says Mr. Ansted,—

"is effected in a manner not very easy to understand, since the original substance must be removed, and the new one supplied particle by particle; and this must have taken place not unfrequently while lying on the ground, or scarcely buried more than a few feet in the earth. There can be no doubt, however, as to the fact; inasmuch as both wood and coral, and occasionally shells and bone, are found in the transition state, consisting partly of the original and partly of the replacing mineral."

A short inspection of a coal mine prepares us to understand the picture—a *restoration*—of an ancient forest, with its gigantic ferns, its curious *Sigillaria*,—lofty trunks "fluted like the columns of a temple," and terminating in magnificent crests of fronds, with scars at regular intervals on the trunks, indicating the places of the growth and falling away of leaves or fronds; and the roots and rootlets spreading out in a complicated mass, like spokes of a wheel, from the base of the trunk; its *Lepidodendron*, or tree-like club-moss, and its *Calamite*, or gigantic reed. At the close of his chapter on the pre-Adamite world, the author wisely reminds us how limited, after all, our means of knowledge of the immeasurable past are; how very small a proportion of the immense number of animated forms which occupied in succession the land and the waters of our planet have become known to us, or are likely to become known.

"We grope about in the dark, picking up here a little, and there a little; but we can never hope to remove and bring to light all that is left, and there must remain to the last, in the great burying-place of nature, a far larger series than the most searching investigation of man will ever bring to light. Could we even attain to a complete knowledge of organic remains, we should have made but one step, and that an imperfect and incomplete step, towards an acquaintance with the life that has passed away, for there must still remain large gaps to be supplied of such animals as pass out of existence, and leave no durable skeleton or hard part capable of conservation."

The fifth part, entitled "The Treasures of the Great Stone Book," includes chapters on the precious stones and gems, the metals, and the circulation of water. And then follows a very short chapter headed, "The Shutting-up of the Great Stone Book;" merely a sort of expanded "finis." The list (pp. 263, 264) of the silly Polish superstitions respecting certain precious stones, the months, and certain moral qualities, and that setting forth the symbolic connection between twelve gems and the twelve apostles, are not worth printing in any book, and are most of all *impertinent* in a book of science. The illustrations to this volume are, most of them, mere fancy compositions, and do not add much to its value or attractiveness.

The science of geology is scarcely past its infancy, but its growth is rapid and vigorous, and it is certain to attract the attention of a continually increasing number of men. All discoveries which invest it with a more special human interest, such as those of the flint weapons, the Scandinavian and other "kitchen-middins," and, above all, the now famous human jaw of the Abbeville deposit, will enlarge the number of its students. It is possible that even yet some wonderful doubters may lurk in corners here and there, who dare avow their disbelief in fossils as real remains of living forms, and there is nothing for it but to leave them alone in their singular glory. A more numerous class are those who shrink from geology on account of the "uneasy relations" still existing between its established facts and certain points of religious belief. But every day is doing something towards lessening this discord and difficulty, and consummating the victory of science, which is the victory of facts. To all those who are desirous of getting a general view of the field of geological science and of the diversified objects of interest it includes, and who can spare but a small portion of time for the purpose, we can recommend as a suitable help this volume of Professor Ansted's.

A MÆDIEVAL TOWN.*

At a general view, the history of one town appears very like that of another, and presents few attractions to an ordinary reader.

* The Town and Borough of Leominster; with Illustrations of its Ancient and Modern History. By the Rev. Geo. Fyler Townsend, M.A. London: Arthur Hall & Co.

Such, at least, was the case with what was formerly considered as the history of a town—a record of the erection of public buildings, of grants of municipal privileges, perhaps of some municipal disputes, of charities given for the benefit of its pauper inhabitants, and of other things which are really without interest except to the local inhabitants. Some towns, it is true, are older than others, and their existence at remote periods might be traced by their accidental relations with some known historical event, but still this was felt chiefly as a matter of pride to the modern inhabitants, who could talk of “their old town,” or “their old borough,” with a certain feeling of superiority over neighbours who could not make out a similar claim to antiquity. But these were all very superficial notions of what constituted the history of towns, and modern research and historical criticism have taught us to appreciate a more important and intimate—we may, perhaps, use a German phrase, and say, an inner—knowledge of the history of old towns, forming a very important part of the history of national and social progress. In this view, as each old town possesses to some extent the records of this general history, and records peculiar to itself, every town history, when compiled with care, possesses a value which was but rarely appreciated in the past age of such books. We find now that towns differ from each other not only in their assumed greater antiquity, but also, and in fact more, in the manner of their origin, in the character of their original institutions, and in their relationship to the world outside. These are all very important questions in the history of our country, and the records of any corporate town which have not previously been examined may contribute new materials for its elucidation. Every book like the one before us deserves thus to be looked upon with favour, the more so because it must be the result of a labour of love and of devotion, for the drudgery of sorting and reading the dusty old records of a corporate town is rarely rewarded either by any pecuniary profit, or by any great amount of literary fame. Mr. Townsend had the advantage of being the vicar of the town of which he has written the history, and therefore of having easier and more extensive access to records of all descriptions than most men could have obtained, and of having had for his subject a town the history of which presents many features of considerable interest.

It is not generally understood that most of the more important of our older towns were derived from Roman towns which had not ceased to exist, and, in fact, that the Roman municipal institutions were those of the middle ages. It is a mistake to suppose that all the Roman towns were destroyed in the ruin of the Roman province; some of them were no doubt destroyed, others plundered and laid waste, and others laid under contribution, but many no doubt preserved their municipal independence by rendering a general allegiance and a tribute to some successful chieftain who had established himself as a king, and set the example of municipal government and municipal forms to towns which arose in subsequent times and under different circumstances. In the establishment of a town there was a mutual advantage, for while the individual traders who composed it became in their corporate power their own protectors and pledges, the king or superior chieftain obtained a rent which was more regular than any other, increased with the prosperity of the town itself, and, what was far more important to him, was paid in that rare and valuable commodity in the middle ages, ready money, while the rents of his land were paid in labour and produce. During the feudal period we have many instances of the foundation of a town by proclamation of a sovereign or great feudal prince, offering land individually, and municipal rights and privileges corporately, to those who would come and inhabit it. We may mention Dunstable, in Bedfordshire, founded by Henry I., as an example; Hull, or Kingston-upon-Hull, founded by Edward I., is another. During the Anglo-Saxon period towns appeared to have formed themselves more gradually around some of the principal residences of the Saxon kings, as at Kingston-on-Thames, or more frequently under the protection of some great ecclesiastical establishment, for the Church appears to have been the first to appreciate fully the value of the towns. Leominster furnishes an example of a town which rose in this manner under the protection of the Church, for we do not believe that any town existed there before the foundation of the monastery.

The latter was raised soon after the middle of the seventh century by a Mercian prince named Merewald, one of the sons of the fierce Penda, as a testimony to the sincerity of his conversion to Christianity, and he gave his new religious establishment the affectionate name of Leof-minster, or the beloved minster, which form it retained until after the Norman conquest, as it is found in “Domesday-book,” but it had already been softened into its present form, under which it is found in the latter part of the Saxon chronicle; and this, misinterpreted and Latinized into *Leominsterium*, gave rise to a ridiculous legend relating to Merewald's conversion. First an abbey of monks, it is supposed to have been destroyed in the earlier Danish invasions of the border, and to have been restored as a house of nuns; and these latter in the sequel lived so disorderly that the monastic house was dissolved, and the manor of Leominster reverted to the crown. We know nothing of the history of the town during the Anglo-Saxon period, but it is evident that it had already become a place of some importance, arising, no doubt, from its position in the centre of a rich country, and on the great highway from Chester to Bristol.

At length, early in the twelfth century, King Henry I. gave the manor of Leominster to his new foundation, the great abbey of Reading, and the rents of the town and the control, and in some

degree the exercise of its municipal government, were again vested in the hands of an ecclesiastical superior. The records of this period of the history of Leominster are few, and give us but imperfect light upon it; but Mr. Townsend has brought them together with great care and industry, and we think that he has made the most of them. The rule of an ecclesiastical lord was always more onerous than that of the crown, for the king was satisfied with regular payment of the rents and performance of the services due to him, and the townsmen were left quietly to manage their own internal affairs, to develop their industry, which was encouraged rather than burdened, and even to strengthen their municipal power and extend their rights and privileges; for the towns which had no superior but the crown went on continually adding to their strength by obtaining new privileges and liberties, or the extension or more complete confirmation of what they already held, which the king was always ready to give them for a fair consideration. The ecclesiastical lords, on the other hand, never gave up anything of which they had obtained possession, because they considered it to be an alienation of the goods of the Church, and they held it equally their duty to lay hold of everything they could get, and to push every claim they could make out to the utmost possible extent. The earlier municipal charters were generally drawn up very slovenly, and a great number of customary rights and privileges were thus granted to the townsmen by their charter in very general terms. The charter of gift from the king to the religious foundation also contained much which in itself was vague, giving them rights reserved by the crown which were not all definitely stated, but not intended to interfere with the liberties which the townsmen held by custom. These latter thus became a continual subject of discord, the monks attempting to seize upon them as coming within the general terms of their own charters. Here and there, in some of the towns, the memory has been almost accidentally preserved of desperate and sanguinary encounters between the monks and the townsmen, arising out of these causes; and jealousy, hatred, and strife no doubt existed, more or less, at all times and in most of the towns which were in the position of Leominster, though they have rarely been recorded. But when, under the weak government of Richard II., a vast democratic movement was suddenly stirred up, the fury of the townsmen against their ecclesiastical oppressor broke out almost everywhere in open insurrection, and led to such scenes as occurred at St. Albans and other places, and it was rendered more bitter by the progress which had then been made by the spirit of dissent from the Church of Rome. It is by a mere accident that we discover that at this time there was an insurrection in Leominster against the prior's rule, and, therefore, that that rule had been felt as onerous and oppressive by at least a part of the townsmen. It appears that there had been a series of riots in opposition to the authority of the prior and his municipal officers (for these were appointed by the abbot of Reading and placed under the control of the prior of Leominster), and of armed affrays in which blood was shed; and at last some of the leaders of the insurrection were arrested, one of whom brought an action against the prior and his officers for assault. The record of the trial is the only one now left of these events; but it is a curious circumstance that the man who brought the action against the prior was, as Mr. Townsend has shown, Walter Brut, or Bright, the reformer, well known to the readers of Fox's “Book of Martyrs,” which shows how intimately the religious movement was connected, or at least allied with this struggle for municipal freedom. Herefordshire was a great hotbed of Lollards. But where, as at Leominster, the municipal power was in the hands of the ecclesiastics, resistance was much more difficult than where the inhabitants had their own officers.

The time, however, was now approaching when the power of the monks was destined to be entirely swept away. In the year 1539, the Abbey of Reading and the Priory of Leominster were dissolved, and the manor of Leominster again reverted to the crown. Leominster had been long a flourishing, and perhaps a wealthy town, which has arisen from the circumstance that it was situated in the heart of one of the most celebrated districts in England for the produce of the great staple of English trade in the Middle Ages—wool. The Leominster wool—or, as it was called jocularly, Leominster ore—was looked upon as the finest and most valuable in England. The possession of wealth and commercial importance could not fail to raise in the hearts of the inhabitants the desire for municipal freedom and emancipation from monastic rule, and now at last came the opportunity of obtaining them. They, accordingly, procured a charter from the Crown, which gave them the full privilege of self-government and the election of their own magistrates and municipal officers; their own courts of justice, prisons, and other powers which had been previously held by the priors, and various other privileges and advantages; all which were invested in them for ever.

After this period the municipal history of the town of Leominster ceases to have any very general interest, and it is now that the municipal records begin to be numerous, and apparently tolerably well preserved. They furnish, in Mr. Townsend's pages, a large amount of interesting matter, very well arranged and digested, illustrative of the manners, condition, and sentiments of the townsmen during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and these will form the most amusing part of the volume to the ordinary reader. But curiously enough, the town of Leominster furnishes us with an example of something like a revival of the old mediæval municipal wars at so late a period as the earlier part of the last century. The king had retained the manor in his own hands, with the usual rents, &c., accru-

ing to him as manorial lord, and they remained in the crown until the reign of James I., who granted the whole manor, with all its ancient rights, possessions, and privileges, to his favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, and it was restored, after the stormy season of the Commonwealth, to his son, the worthless spendthrift of the reign of Charles II., who, after having alienated various portions of it, left it to be sold off to pay the mortgage upon it. It was bought by Major Wildman in 1675, who sold it again, in 1692, to Lord Conynghby, a nobleman intimately connected with this part of Herefordshire. Lord Conynghby possessed no little ambition, and a violent and overbearing temper, and he believed that the original royal grant to the Duke of Buckingham, which was vested in himself by his purchase, gave him a right to exercise a supreme and almost royal power in the town of Leominster. In his attempts to enforce his imaginary claims, he obstinately persevered during a long series of years, involving himself in a labyrinth of vexatious and expensive law-suits, none of which were successful. With him ended all attempts to disturb the municipal freedom or rights of the borough of Leominster.

Mr. Townsend's "History of Leominster" is a good book, much superior to the generality of our local histories. He has gone to work upon what remains of the local records diligently and zealously and honestly, and he has thus been enabled to tell us much that is entertaining and instructive relating to the habits and doings of the townspeople in past ages. It is a valuable contribution to this class of literature.

A QUARTETT OF STORY-TELLERS.

THE plan adopted by Mr. Charles Dickens in the Christmas numbers of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round* seems to have been present to Mrs. Owen when she "arranged," if not when she wrote, the series of stories and sketches which form the work to which she has given the title of "Snowed Up."* These sketches and stories are all of the ordinary magazine type, and each of them is complete in itself, and bears no reference to any other in the volumes. Yet the authoress, by means of a slight narrative, has strung the various chapters together, thereby not only giving to her work an air of more completeness than a mere collection of tales could have, but also giving it a better title to assume the shape of the three-volume novel. The pictures have evidently been painted before the frame-work was conceived, and all Mrs. Owen's ingenuity cannot conceal the fact; but they are pictures which, for the most part, might make their way in the world without any frame-work at all. The structure of the work is, by this time, somewhat hackneyed. A number of travellers, the majority of whom are strangers to each other, being "snowed up" during an Alpine tour, endeavour to relieve the tedium of their detention by each telling a story or sketching an incident. The stories are worth telling and the sketches worth drawing, but when one has overcome some natural astonishment that so many excellent story-tellers should be thus accidentally brought together, one cannot struggle against the conviction that they tell their tales as mortals in quiet converse never did tell tales since the world began. Who, for instance, ever heard a respectable and sensible lady deliberately begin a story with words like these?—

"The Rosary of Time, on which he tells our years as they go evenly by, and counts the joys and sorrows of each sliding from his touch upon the silken string of life, soon to be knitted into the endless round, eternity, so far differs from its type as that there is no beginning again when the number is once told."

This would sound absurd enough falling from any woman's lips, yet the story which it commences is one of the best in the book and contains in itself sufficient matter for a good three-volume novel. The fact is, that one of the greatest difficulties which novelists experience is to make their characters hold even short conversations in the language of rational creatures, and the art of writing a fire-side story in the words in which it might be spoken is very rare. And yet Mrs. Owen's connecting narrative is lively, and even clever, and her tales and sketches make as readable matter, taken alone, as anything of the kind we have met with for a very long time. Wherefore, our fault-finding is no fault-finding at all, especially since we hasten to declare that our authoress has made some of the "snowed-up" party read their stories instead of telling them, and that few lovers of light literature will, after reading the first story, lay the volumes down until they have come to the end of the last.

We think it was the late Mr. Wakley who asserted his ability to write poetry by the yard. We have no doubt that Miss Sarah Stredder, the authoress of "The Fate of a Year,"† could write prose by the mile. But as Mr. Wakley's verses were not first-class, so Miss Stredder's novel is remarkable for the ease with which she gives quantity, rather than for the grace with which she gives quality. We have never been of the faith of those who maintain that anyone can drive a gig or write a leading article; but, after reading "The Fate of a Year," we are inclined to believe that anybody who can write at all can produce a novel and find a publisher. Our authoress is never at a loss for matter; and though she seems comparatively careless about plot or incident, she is one of the

most fertile reporters of conversation we ever met with. She could fill a long chapter with small talk about the weather, and expand the common salutation, "How do you do?" into half-a-dozen pages at least. We are all acquainted with the peculiar dexterity with which M. Alexander Dumas, and others of his school, sometimes get over their paper. "Eh bien : c'est fini !" "Fin !" "Est-ce possible ?" "Oui, oui ;" and so on. So many lines to a page, and about two words, on an average, to each line. Miss Stredder, however, is dexterous, not in getting over the paper merely, but in actually crowding it with matter. One thing in M. Dumas's favour was, that if there was very little writing there was not much reading; but in "The Fate of a Year" there is a burdensome amount of both; and so much of the matter is altogether unconnected with the plot, as such, that it is difficult to keep the thread of the story in one's mind at all. Yet there is evidence in the volumes that Miss Stredder can write well. The reading of Simon Liscard's will, for instance, evinces considerable dramatic power. The fact is, that our authoress, having to tell a tale for which one volume would have amply sufficed, has utterly marred it by expanding it into three; the fault of fully one-half the three-volume novels that issue from the press.

The author of "Joseph Anstey"‡ has crowded into one volume an amount of matter that would have sufficed to fill the ordinary three. He calls his work "a story of chequered life, from youth upwards," and takes for his motto the words of Lord Brougham, "The success of mediocrity, both in public and in private life, affords a valuable lesson to the world—a lesson the more extensively useful because the example is calculated to operate upon a far more enlarged scale than the feats of rare endowments." The minuteness of detail in the book would induce the belief that a considerable portion of it relates Mr. Henry's own experience of life, and, remembering the dogma of the late Mr. John Murray, that every man had "one good book in him," it might have been expected that a work like this would have been at all events readable. But Mr. Henry has yet to learn the art of telling a story or writing biography, and "Joseph Anstey" is an utter failure, whether regarded as fiction, or as personal history. The success of mediocrity is, no doubt, capable of being made a profitable, if not always an inviting theme, but, to be either, it must be remarkable for its magnitude, or for the means by which it was obtained, or for both. Now the first half dozen men whom the reader might encounter in Fleet-street would probably have more remarkable self-histories to relate, if put to the test, than that which Mr. Henry relates of his hero whose success, after all, is nearly as mediocre as his abilities. A narrative of the life-struggle of humble talent against adverse circumstances, overcome at last, can hardly fail to be interesting otherwise than from the incompetence of the narrator. Even a life like that of Joseph Anstey must have had a good deal of earnest in it, but the earnest here is left almost entirely out of sight, in order that Mr. Henry may crowd his canvass with incident, to distinguish which the word "trivial" would be too mild, and the word "imbecile" hardly too severe. We quite agree with Lord Brougham's proposition; but until we can have better "lessons" of the "success of mediocrity" than the volume before us presents, we shall prefer to confine our reading in that line to the history of Mr. Richard Whittington.

"Tried and True"† is a simple and well-told story of a course of true love that runs with the customary degree of roughness till it reaches the usual haven of marriage, and "they were happy ever after." A woman's self-sacrificing devotion to her father, who has fallen from affluence to poverty, and the constancy towards her of a lover, who encounters the anger of a rich uncle and the loss of fortune in consequence, the baffled craft of the uncle in question, and the sufferings of poor dressmakers, who work for cold-hearted ladies of fashion, form the groundwork of the story. There is but little of originality, either in plot or character, though the hero and heroine, Harry Clare and Grace Arnold, are very well drawn; but the story flows smoothly along; there is not a page of dreary moralizing in the book, and hardly a line in the way of conversation but what is necessary to help the narrative forward. Hence, in a great measure, the success of "Tried and True." The author, having a story to tell, has been wise enough to satisfy himself with simply telling it.

BISHOP COLENSO ON DEUTERONOMY.

(Concluded from the LONDON REVIEW, June 20.)

WE continue our digest of Part III. of Dr. Colenso's work on the Pentateuch.

CHAPTER IV.

Having, as he believes, established, (1) that the book of Deuteronomy must have been written chiefly by one writer; (2) that this writer must have been a different person from the writer or writers by whom the rest of the Pentateuch, speaking generally, was written; (3) that the Deuteronomist, whoever he may have been, must have lived in a later age than either the Elohist or Jehovist, since he takes for granted facts recorded in their narrative; (4) that there are some indications of this book having been written in a very late age of the Hebrew history; (5) that there are historical circumstances which suggest that it may have been com-

* Snowed Up. By Mrs. Octavius Freire Owen. Three volumes. London: T. C. Newby.

† The Fate of a Year. By Miss Sarah Stredder. Three volumes. London: Charles J. Skeet.

‡ Joseph Anstey; or, the Patron and the Protégé. By D. S. Henry. London: John Wilson.

† Tried and True. By Alton Clyde. London: T. C. Newby.

posed in the early part of Josiah's reign; and (6) that there is a remarkable correspondence between the peculiar expressions of the Deuteronomist and the language of *Jeremiah*, who did live in that age—Dr. Colenso proceeds to show “that this book contains very distinct signs of such a later origin, in the existence of numerous *contradictions* to the older narrative, such as would naturally be expected to arise under such circumstances, when a later writer is adding freely from his own mind, and from his own point of view, to writings of an older time, and is not careful to preserve strictly the unity of the different parts of the story. This,” the Bishop continues, “implies that he did not regard the older document as so inexpressibly sacred and so infallibly Divine as is implied in modern popular views of inspiration.”

In order to establish his position, Dr. Colenso passes the whole Book of Deuteronomy under review; in Chapter IV., confining himself to Deut. i. 1—ii. 37, we shall take only some of the principal “contradictions” on which the Bishop insists:—

i. “These be the words which Moses spake unto all Israel on the other (English version, this) side Jordan, in the wilderness, in the Arabah over against Zuph, between Paran, and Tophel, and Laban, and Hazeroth, and Dizahab.”—Deut. i. 1.

Dr. Colenso observes that the particularity with which the locality in which Moses spoke is here defined “is most naturally accounted for by the fact of a later—rather a *much* later—writer wishing to define more accurately in his own age a locality which he found distinguished so remarkably in the older records,—especially as it lay within reach, as it were, of every one who cared to see it, not far away in the Arabian waste, and he designed to take it as the scene of the farewell addresses of Moses. And this,” he continues, “is confirmed by his adding in a parenthesis, ‘There are eleven days’ journey from Horeb by the way of Mount Seir and Kadesh-Barnea,’ v. 2,—words which could never have been inserted in this way by Moses or any contemporary writer.”

The account of the appointment of officers (Deut. i. 6—18), Dr. Colenso argues, involves more than one inconsistency. “First, the Deuteronomist loses sight of the fact that according to the story, N. xxvi. 64, the whole generation was *dead* which received the law at Horeb,” though, in verses 6, 9, and 14, he addresses them as if living. Again, the statement in ver. 15 is at variance with that in E. xviii. 25, 26. In the latter the appointment of the officers takes place *before* the giving of the Law at Sinai; in the former, twelve months afterwards, when they are just about to leave Horeb, ver. 6. “If it be said,” the Bishop writes, “that we must extend the meaning of the phrase ‘at that time,’ in ver. 9, 18, to include the whole twelve months, and must suppose that the fact stated in ver. 6—8 occurred, in point of time, subsequently to that in ver. 9—18, yet both these accounts are contradictory to that in N. xi. 14—17, where, *after they have left Horeb*, Moses complains of the burden of the people (though, according to either of the other two statements, he had a multitude of officers to help him), and he commanded them to appoint seventy elders, ‘and they shall bear the burden of the people with thee, that thou bear it not thyself alone.’”

ii. The appointment of the spies is attributed in D. i. 22, 23, to a suggestion from the people; but in N. xiii. 1, 2, it is ascribed to an express command of God. And here again the Deuteronomist makes Moses say, “Ye came near unto me, every one of you,” &c., ver. 22 (see also verses 25, 26, 27, 29, and 32), though the events spoken of took place forty years before, when most of those he addresses in Deuteronomy were not born.

iii. The Deuteronomist dates the sentence that Moses should die and Joshua succeed him, thirty-seven years before the date given in N. xxvii. 15—23.

iv. The passage in D. ii. 12, “As Israel *did* unto the land of his possession, which Jehovah gave unto them,” indicates “that the writer was living after the conquest of the land of Canaan.”

v. The statement made in D. ii. 29, that the Edomites and Moabites sold meat and water to the Israelites, “is directly contrary to the statements in N. xx. 18, 20, 21, and D. xxiii. 3, 4.”

CHAPTER V.

(i.) We pass over several comments in this chapter till we come to that upon D. iv. 19, where it is written, “And lest thou lift up thine eyes unto heaven, and when thou seest the sun and the moon and the stars, even all the host of heaven, shouldest be driven to worship them,” &c. Dr. Colenso observes that the worship of the “host of heaven” is first named in the history, as one of the sins for which the ten tribes were carried captive, in K. xvii. 16; and it seems to have been first *generally* practised in Judah in the reign of Manasseh, the father of Josiah, 2 K. xxi. 3, 5; 2 Ch. xxxiii. 3. “Observe,” he writes, “that this worship is not mentioned in any part of the Pentateuch, except

D. iv. 19; xvii. 3; and that *complete phrases*, similar to this, ‘the sun and the moon, and all the host of heaven,’ occur *only* in D. iv. 19; xvii. 3; Jer. viii. 2; and 2 K. xxiii. 5, which was very probably written by Jeremiah himself.”

(ii.) Dr. Colenso again insists on the remarkable variations which exist between the Ten Commandments, as given in D. v. 6—21, and in E. xx. 2—17. “Yet in each case,” he says, “the writer professes to state the identical words, which were spoken by Jehovah himself, at the very same time. Thus,” he continues, “we have not only a striking contradiction in a matter of fact, which by itself is decisive against the strict historical accuracy of the Mosaic story, but we see also how little the later writer was withheld, by any strong religious scruples, from altering and amending—or, as might be thought by some, corrupting—the older form. In other words, he could not have regarded the older form of words as so unspeakably sacred and Divine, that it could be profane for a human hand to alter them.”

(iii.) Dr. Colenso objects, with regard to D. ix. 7, &c., that “nothing is said in E. xxiv. 18, of Moses ‘fasting’ on the first occasion of his spending ‘forty days and forty nights’ on the Mount,” though the writer may have virtually assumed that he did so from the fact being recorded of his fasting thus on the second occasion, E. xxxiv. 28. “But, on the other hand, the Deuteronomist omits the earnest prayer of Moses on behalf of the people, E. xxxii. 11—13, by which Jehovah was pacified, and ‘repented of the evil which He thought to do unto his people,’ v. 14, *before* Moses went down from the Mount; and he represents him as saying that he began to intercede for them *after* his descent, v. 19: ‘For I was afraid of the anger and hot displeasure, wherewith Jehovah was wroth against you to destroy you. But Jehovah hearkened unto me at that time also.’”

CHAPTER VI.

(i.) The Deuteronomist (x. 1—5) writes that Moses made the ark *at the same time* with the second set of tables before he went up into the mount to receive them; whereas E. xxxv. 10—12 says that it was after his coming down with the second set of tables that Moses summons the “wise-hearted” to “come and make all that Jehovah hath commanded, the tabernacle, and his tent, and his covering, &c., the ark, and the staves thereof, with the mercy-seat, &c.,” and in E. xxxvii. 1—9, we have the full account of Bezaleel making it. And yet the ark of the Deuteronomist was not, as might be suggested, a mere temporary ark, for he makes Moses say, x. 5, “I turned myself, and came down from the mount, and *put the tables into the ark which I had made, and there they be, as Jehovah commanded me.*”

(ii.) D. x. 6, 7, places the death of Aaron *before* the separation of the Levites (v. 8, 9), which took place, according to N. iii. 5, 6, 9, in his lifetime. “Nor,” writes Dr. Colenso, “can the difficulty be relieved by understanding the expression ‘at that time’ (v. 8, 9) in a general sense, as equivalent to ‘about that time;’ for the death of Aaron took place in the *fortieth* year of the wanderings, N. xxxiii. 38, and the separation of the Levites in the *second*, N. i. 1.” Again, the Deut. describes the death of Aaron at *Mosera*, whereas N. xxxiii. 31—38 assigns Mount Hor as the place where he died.

(iii.) Dr. Colenso gives several passages from Deuteronomy in support of the position that the writer “knows nothing whatever of that very sharp distinction between priests and Levites which the books of Leviticus and Numbers exhibit throughout, and which Jehovah himself is supposed to have made only a few months previously in N. xviii.” And from this he concludes that it is plain that the Deuteronomist writes from a later state of things than that of Moses.

CHAPTER VII.

(i.) Dr. Colenso quotes D. xii. 2—8, and says that here we have, for the first time, the announcement which we find in none of the earlier books of the Pentateuch, “not even in N. xxviii.—xxix., where the laws of the offerings at the different festivals are laid down, it is supposed, by the Divine Being himself only a few months previously, but which is repeated again and again in this Book of Deuteronomy, viz., that there should be one special place, which Jehovah would ‘choose out of all the tribes to put his Name there.’ This,” the Bishop observes, “if we assume that Deuteronomy was written at a later age than the rest of the Pentateuch, is indicative of such a time as that of Hezekiah, 2 K. xviii. 41, or, more probably, Josiah, 2 K. xxiii. 4—20, for the composition of this book:—

“The idea, indeed, of *drawing* the affections of the people to Jerusalem existed, no doubt, in the time of David and Solomon; but the notion of requiring them to bring to the Temple all their ‘burnt-offerings, sacrifices, tithes, heave-offerings, and vows,’—v. 11, and making attendance at Jerusalem *compulsory* three times a year,

xvi. 16, could scarcely have arisen in an age when Solomon, though he 'loved Jehovah, walking in the statutes of David, his father,' yet 'sacrificed and burnt incense in the high places,' 1 K. iii. 3, and specially at the 'great high place' of Gibeon, v. 4 (whereas the Ark, the symbol of God's Presence, was at that time in the Tabernacle on Mount Zion), nor in an age when the people of the Ten Tribes would have had to travel all the way to Jerusalem for that purpose. We do not read that the prophets of Israel, such as Elijah or Elisha, ever went to Jerusalem to keep the Passover, or obeyed the solemn command to go up thrice in every year to the 'place which Jehovah had chosen.' And the most pious kings, such as Asa, Jehoshaphat, Joash, Amaziah, Uzziah, and Jotham, Hezekiah's grandfather, still sacrificed, without hesitation, on the high places, and brought their offerings to other altars than that erected in the Temple, which they would not have done, we must believe, if this law existed, and was known to be of Divine, or even Mosaic origin."

The Bishop then proceeds at some length to give his reasons for believing that the law in Deuteronomy, confining all sacrifices to Jerusalem, could not have been written before the age of Hezekiah.

(ii.) He observes that, throughout the Book of Deuteronomy, the Levites are coupled continually with the poor and destitute, "the widow, the stranger, and the fatherless." Not a word is said of their having "any divine right to demand, or, at least, to expect, the payment of tithes from the people, according to the provision supposed to have been made by Jehovah himself, N. xviii. 21, only a few months before through Moses, who is now (in Deuteronomy) represented to be speaking,—'Behold, I have given the children of Levi all the tenth in Israel, for an inheritance.' " But they are spoken of, again and again, as depending, like other necessitous people, mainly upon the charity of others, while "not a trace of this poverty is found in the other Books of the Pentateuch."

(iii.) "The most complete contradiction obviously exists between the two sets of laws, supposed to be uttered, the first directly by Jehovah himself, the second by Moses, within a few months of each other."

In support of this position, Dr. Colenso compares D. xii. 15, 16, with L. xvii. 3, 4; D. xii. 17—19, with N. xviii. 21, 24, 26; N. xviii. 15—18; D. xii. 27, with L. i. 5, 11, iii. 2, 8, 13, vii. 2, i. 15, iv. 6, 7, 17, 18, 25, 30, 34.

CHAPTER VIII.

In this chapter many other discrepancies are pointed out between the law as it is laid down in Deuteronomy and in the earlier books of the Pentateuch, in support of the position that Deuteronomy only represents "the state of ecclesiastical matters which existed in later days when that book was written."

It would be useless to pursue the mode we have hitherto adopted in this digest, of taking chapter by chapter, and laying before our readers even the principal reasons which Dr. Colenso puts forward in support of his theory with regard to Deuteronomy. We have given enough of them to put our readers in possession of the general character of the book; and we shall now proceed to the summary of "results" which the bishop believes he has arrived at by his examination of the whole book of Deuteronomy.

He maintains that the "phenomena" he has pointed out—"the contradictions, variations, and numerous indications of a more advanced state of civil and religious development"—would be sufficient to satisfy us that the book must have been written in a different age from that in which the other four books, generally, of the Pentateuch were written, and in a much later day.

From the "signs of time" which he has observed in the course of his examination, he arrives at the following conclusions:—(1) Deuteronomy was written after the Elohistie and Jehovistic portions of the other four books, since reference is made throughout to matters of fact related in them, and expressly to the laws about leprosy. (2) Hence it was written after the times of Samuel and David; and this is further confirmed by the fact that the laws relating to the kingdom seem not to have been known to Samuel, 1 S. viii. 6—18, nor to the later writer of Samuel's doings. (3) The mention of the kingdom in xvii. 14—20, with the distinct reference to the dangers likely to arise to the State from the King multiplying to himself "wives" and "silver and gold," and "horses," implies that it was written after the age of Solomon; and this is confirmed by the very frequent references to the "place which Jehovah would choose," that is, Jerusalem and the Temple. (4) The recognition of the independence of Edom carries down its composition to the time of their complete liberation from the control of the Kings of Judah in the reign of Ahaz. (5) It was written after the time of Hezekiah's Reformation, when the high places were removed, which the former Kings of Judah, even the best of them, had freely permitted. (6) It was written after the captivity of the Ten Tribes, in the sixth year of Hezekiah's reign; since the sorrows of that event are evidently referred to as matters which were well known, but which now were things of the past. (7) It was written after the great spread in Judah, in Manasseh's time, of the worship of the "sun and moon and the host of heaven." (8) It was written before the time of Josiah's Reformation, since the words ascribed to Huldah expressly refer to it; and, indeed, there can be little doubt that this book, whether

alone or with the other books, was that found in the Temple by Hilkiah, and was the direct cause of that Reformation. (9) Hence it can scarcely be doubted that the book of Deuteronomy was written, either in the latter part of Manasseh's reign, or in the early part of Josiah's.

Dr. Colenso cites Ewald, Riehm, Bleek, Kuenen, and others, who are of opinion that the most probable supposition is that it was written in the latter part of Manasseh's reign. De Wette, Von Bohlen, Knobel, &c., place its composition in the reign of Josiah; and with them he agrees.

"If it was really written in Manasseh's time, we are then met by the following difficulties. In that case, the author may have placed it in the Temple in Manasseh's lifetime, without the knowledge of any one, which, of course, is conceivable. But then he must have gone his way, leaving so valuable a fruit of so much labour to the chances of the future,—or we may say to the overruling of Providence,—without communicating to any one the fact of its existence; and he must have died, without betraying his secret,—without showing any personal interest in the success of his great enterprise, or caring to see any result of it in his own days,—nay, without even making any provision against the possibility of the book itself being neglected, destroyed, or lost, while it lay unknown and unheeded in the Temple, during the latter portion of Manasseh's idolatrous reign. For we take no account of the chronicler's story of Manasseh's repentance, 2 Ch. xxxiii. 18, 19, of which the Book of Kings says nothing.

"Or, if the writer himself survived the reign of Manasseh, and the short reign of Amon, and so was living in the early years of Josiah,—or if any one was then living, to whom the writer, before his death, had communicated his secret,—it seems very difficult to account for the long and total silence with respect to the existence of this book which was maintained during seventeen years of Josiah's reign, when the king's docile piety and youth would have encouraged the production of such a book, if it really existed, and there was such imperative necessity for that Reformation to be begun as soon as possible, with a view to which the book itself was written.

"Thus it seems to us, on the above grounds only, most reasonable to suppose that the book was in process of composition during those first seventeen years of Josiah's reign. The youth of the prince—his piety—his willingness to follow the teaching of the Prophets around him—gave every encouragement for such an attempt being made to bring about the great change that was needed. Possibly some years of Josiah's reign had passed before the work was begun, though we can scarcely doubt that it must have taken some time for its completion. Still two or three years, at most, might suffice for this; and during that interval, however short or long, we may conceive insertions to have been made from time to time, as fresh ideas occurred to the writer, and thus we may account in some measure for the numerous repetitions of the same sentiment by which the book is characterized."

Dr. Colenso next addresses himself to the question, Who was the writer? Independently of his "free handling" of the earlier records, he must have been a remarkable person who conceived the idea of adding another book to the existing Tetratauch. "A writer of such originality, power, and eloquence—of such earnest piety, such ardent patriotism, such tender human affections,—must have surely filled a very prominent position in the age in which he lived." Jeremiah lived in this age. He began to prophesy "in the thirteenth year of King Josiah," four or five years before this book was found in the Temple. There are not a few very striking indications of a close resemblance between the language of Jeremiah and that of the Deuteronomist. Could he have been the writer? Dr. Colenso reserves the further consideration of this question for another part of his work.

We come now to his "Concluding Remarks."

It must be admitted, says Dr. Colenso, as the results of the preceding investigations (Parts I., II., and III.), that the traditional belief, that the whole Pentateuch, with a few important exceptions, was written by Moses himself, can no longer be maintained; and that, whatever portions of the other books may have been written by him, yet certainly the Book of Deuteronomy was not written by him, but is the product of a much later time, and bears the distinct impress of that time and its circumstances. "Yet this book it is, and this alone, of which the authorship is actually claimed for Moses. . . . Not only are we told, D. xxxi. 22, that Moses 'wrote' the song which we find recorded in D. xxxii., but the writing of the whole book, or, at least, of the principal portion of it, is plainly ascribed to him in D. xxxi. 9—11." Again, "this book also it is, in point of fact, which forms, so to speak, the most living portion, the very sum and substance of the whole Pentateuch. When we speak of the 'Law of Moses' we mean chiefly the Book of Deuteronomy. And we cannot but remember that it is this book also which is quoted again and again, with special emphasis, in the New Testament." But are the words quoted from Deuteronomy—"He answered and said, It is written, Thou shalt not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God" (Matt. iv. 4); "Jesus said unto him, It is written again, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God" (ver. 7); "Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve" (ver. 10); passages quoted from D. viii. 3, vi. 16, vi. 13, x. 20]—less true because they were written by some later prophet and not by Moses? "Are they true only because they are 'written' in this 'Book of the Law'?" Are they not rather true because they are true in themselves, by whomsoever written or spoken—eternally and unchangeably true,—and, as such, come home at once, with living power and authority, to the hearts and consciences of living men?"

"Is the Light of Truth only sweet to us—does it only exist for us—because we find the bright reflection of it in the Bible? Is it not rather joy for us to know that God's Truth exists eternally, and shines like the sun in the spiritual heavens; and that we, His children upon earth, have a spiritual sense and spiritual eyesight given us, to which this Light of the inner man is 'sweet,' by which we can 'behold' its brightness—whether it comes to us direct from the 'Father of Lights' in some moment of blessed inspiration, or shines upon us as reflected from the pages of the Bible, or, rather, as *refracted* through the human media, by which in the Bible the 'Word of God' is given to us? Or will it be any longer maintained, in this age of scientific enlightenment, that all our 'hopes of eternity' depend upon every 'line' of the Bible being vouched by Divine authority as infallibly true? Is the statement that the 'hare chews the cud' to be received as true because written down in Leviticus and Deuteronomy? Or would it have become true, if quoted, as it might have been, in the New Testament, as part of the 'Law of Moses?' No one, surely, with the known facts of science before him, will hesitate to give the answer to such a question."

Dr. Colenso argues that if there are some portions of the Bible which cannot be regarded as having Divine authority, because they contradict known facts of science, there are others which we must reject "because they conflict with the plain lessons of the Gospel and with those eternal principles of right and wrong which the Creator has planted within us." He then instances the following commands:—

"(1) D. xxiii. 1, which excludes from the congregation of Jehovah one mutilated, perhaps, in helpless infancy, while those by whose agency the act in question was encouraged, or, perhaps, performed, are allowed free access to the sanctuary; (2) D. xxiii. 2, which excludes in like manner an innocent base-born child, but takes no account of the vicious parent; (3) D. xxi. 18—21, which commands that a 'stubborn and rebellious son' shall be stoned to death, when oftentimes the father and mother, who by their bad example had corrupted, or by their faulty training had ruined, their child, deserved rather to suffer punishment; (4) D. xx. 10—15, which orders that any city of any distant people, with whom Israel might be at war, shall first be summoned to surrender, and, if it will make no peace on condition of all the people becoming tributaries and doing service to Israel, shall then be besieged, and with divine help captured; and then it is written,—"When Jehovah thy God hath delivered it into thy hands, thou shalt smite every male thereof with the edge of the sword; but the women and the little ones, and the cattle, and all that is in the city, even all the spoil thereof, shalt thou take unto thyself; and thou shalt eat the spoil of thine enemies, which Jehovah thy God hath given thee. Thus shalt thou do unto all the cities which are very far off from thee, which are not of the cities of these nations. But of the cities of these people, which Jehovah thy God doth give thee for an inheritance, thou shalt save nothing alive that breatheth; but thou shalt utterly destroy them, the Hittites and the Amorites, the Canaanites and the Perizzites, the Hivites and the Jebusites, as Jehovah thy God hath commanded thee; that they teach you not to do after their abominations, which they have done unto their gods: so should ye sin against Jehovah your God."

Such laws, Dr. Colenso maintains, are a contradiction of humanity and equity and the Gospel of Christ, and were not intended by the Deuteronomist to be really carried out. "The 'rebellious son,'" he writes, "is only a figure of 'rebellious Israel'; and the judgment denounced against his disobedience shadows forth the penalty deserved by those who will not 'obey the voice of Jehovah,' their Heavenly Father; and so, too, the last of the above laws simply expresses the burning zeal which glowed within him against the idolatrous practices which were then common among his own people, and which they had adopted either from the Canaanite nations of former days, or more probably from the heathen tribes then living around them." The prophet makes use of the tribes of Canaan as a standing type of such idolaters. But in the age of Josiah, "when these words were written down," those tribes had long disappeared, or had been merged in the Israelitish people. "The history teaches us that they never were exterminated,—that 'Uriah the Hittite' served as a captain in David's army, and 'Araunah the Jebusite' had his threshing-floor on the site of the future temple at Jerusalem. But the Deuteronomist, by setting forth before his people the figure of those tribes, driven out from their old abodes as a judgment for their sins, and ruthlessly exterminated by the hands of Jehovah's worshippers, seeks to remind the latter of their duty and of their danger, of the terrible woe of expatriation, and even extermination, which would be their just recompense if they, too, practised the like abominations." In this way Dr. Colenso thinks we can explain intelligibly the fact, that even a good man, a lover of justice and mercy, an inspired prophet, could yet write down such laws as these. "But," he continues, "it is surely nothing else than a tampering with the truth, an unintentional, doubtless, but yet a real dishonesty—and, therefore, if done with a religious motive, only (disguise it as we will) an idolatrous worship of a god who is not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the very God of Truth—if we endeavour to defend such laws as these as truly and infallibly Divine, and really uttered from the mouth of the Most Holy and Blessed One, on the principle that—not a mere man like Moses, but—the Divine being himself, was compelled to adapt His laws to an imperfect state of society—to 'preconceived and popular ideas'—and, therefore, was led to utter commands which a child instructed in the first lessons of the Gospel—nay, which a heathen walking in that light which 'lighteneth every man that cometh into the world'—can at once condemn as unjust and inhuman."

How, then, are we to read the Scriptures? We must, says Dr. Colenso, "try the spirits, whether they are of God." We might wish, he says, to fall back on the notion of an Infallible Book, or an Infallible Church. "But God has not willed it so. He will not give us—at least He has not given us—a revelation of such a kind as to relieve us from the solemn duty of judging, each for himself, what is right and true in His sight." We must "not only claim and exercise the right, but bear the responsibility of private judgment, upon the things of the life to come, as well as of this world."

We conclude our digest with the following passage, which closes Part III. of the Bishop's book:—

"The Deuteronomist himself will teach us this lesson. He tells us, indeed, that God in all ages will raise up prophets like unto ourselves, xviii. 18, will kindle His fire within the heart, and put His words into the mouth, of men, who, in all the weakness of humanity, shall speak to their fellow-men all that they feel commanded to teach in His name,—who shall utter His eternal truth, and minister to their brethren the lessons of 'doctrine, reproof, correction, instruction in righteousness.' And their brethren shall 'hear' them; they dare not neglect the truth, of whatever kind, which God's own grace imparts and brings home to them from the lips of a fellow-man, however high or humble."

"But they must not listen to him with a blind, unreasoning acquiescence, though He speak to them in the name of Jehovah, and though the 'sign or wonder' come to pass, xiii. 2, which he brought to them as the very credentials of his mission. They must 'try the spirit' of the prophet's words by that law which they have within them, written upon their hearts. Jehovah, their God, is proving them, to know whether they truly and entirely love Him, and love His truth, 'with all their heart and with all their soul.' If the words which that prophet speaks to them come home to their consciences as right and true words, then in God's name let them acknowledge and welcome them, and send them on with a blessing of 'God speed!' to others. If the voice which speaks within declares that the utterance from without is false, then 'shalt thou not hearken,' xiii. 3; the word is not God's, and he who hears must not obey it."

"In this spirit we must read the book of Deuteronomy itself, and we shall find the Living Bread which our souls may feed on,—we shall find in it the Word of God. And that word will not be at variance with the eternal and essential substance of Christianity, with those words which 'shall not pass away.' Then we shall live no more in constant fear that some rude stroke of criticism may shake, perhaps, the 'very foundations of our faith,' or that the announcement of some simple fact of science or natural history may threaten to 'take from us our nearest and dearest consolations.' We shall learn thus to have 'faith in God,' as our Lord has bidden us, Mark xi. 22, and not in the written records, through which He has been pleased, by inspiring the hearts of our brother men with life, to quicken and comfort our own. When we hear such words as these—

"Man doth not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God doth man live," D. viii. 3.

"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the living God, thy God, doth chasten thee," D. viii. 5.

"If from thence—from the very depth of sin-wrought misery—thou shalt seek the living God, thy God, thou shalt find Him, if thou seek Him with all thy heart and with all thy soul," D. iv. 29—

we shall joyfully welcome them as messages of truth, not merely because we find them in the Bible, but because they are true—eternally true.

"It is true that God loves us as dear children, and that we may go to Him at all times as to a wise and tender Father, with a child-like trust and love, as with a child-like reverence and fear. Rather, we must go to Him thus if we would please Him, and act upon the words of Him who has taught us all to say 'Our Father.' We must 'consider in our hearts' that He who has planted in our breasts as parents dear love to our children, a love stronger than death, does by that very love of ours shadow forth to us His own eternal love. Our love can take in every child of the family; our hearts can find a place for all; yes, and our love embraces the far off prodigal in his miserable wanderings no less surely and no less tenderly than the dear obedient child that sits by our side rejoicing in the sweet delights of home. He that has taught us to love our children in this way, how shall He not also love His children with a love in which the separate loves of earthly parents are blended, and find their full, infinite expression,—the father's loving wisdom and firmness, to guide and counsel, and, if need be, to correct and chasten; the mother's tender pity and compassion, that will draw near with sweet consolations in each hour of sorrow and suffering, will sympathize with every grief and trial, will bow down to hear each shame-stricken confession, will be ready to receive the first broken words of penitence, and whisper the promise of forgiveness and peace."

"Ah! truly, the little child may cling to its mother's neck, and the mother's love will feel the gentle pressure, and will delight to feel it: but it is not the feeble clinging of the little one that holds it up; it is the strong arm of love that embraces it. And we, in our most earnest prayers and aspirations, in our cleaving unto God, in our longing and striving after truth as in these poor inquiries, are but as babes, 'stretching out weak hands of faith' to lay hold of Him, whom no man hath seen or can see, but who, unseen, is ever near us, whose tender love embraces all His children, those that are far off as well as those that are near, the heathen and the Christian, the sinner and the saint."

"Happy, indeed, are we, who are blessed to know this—to know the high calling and the glorious privileges of the children of God—not that we may be more safe than others, who as yet know it not, but that we may be filled with hope and strength and courage in the assurance of this truth,—that we may be more living and earnest and joyful in our work,—more brave to speak the truth, to do the right, to wage eternal war with all that is false and base and evil, within us and without,—more patient in suffering,—more firm and true in

temptation and trial,—more sorrowful and ashamed when we have fallen,—more quick to rise, and go on again, in the path of duty, with tears and thanksgivings,—more eager to tell out the love of God to others, whether to those who as yet are groping, 'if haply they may feel after Him and find Him,' who 'is not far from any one of them,' 'in whom they live and move and have their being,' or to those who have known Him, but know no longer now the joy of His children, 'sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death, fast bound in misery and iron.'

"But, in all this, it is not our knowledge, however clear, or our faith, however firm and orthodox, or our charity, however bright or pure, that holds us up daily, and binds us to the bosom of God. 'Our Father' will delight in all the sacred confidences of His children,—their clings of faith and hope,—their longings of pure desire for a closer sense of His presence,—their holy aspirations and penitential confessions. But it is not our prayer that will hold us up. It is His love alone which does this.

"The eternal God is our refuge,
And underneath are the everlasting arms."—D. xxxiii. 27."

FINE ARTS.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF LORENZ FRÖLICH.*

THESE illustrations have a peculiar interest just now when the artists of Scandinavia are only beginning to take a position amongst the painters of the world. M. Frölich is a Dane, and although his study has been carried on in the schools of Paris, yet this has not at all obliterated his nationality of feeling—his style is happily not in the least overlaid by any of the grandiose affectation of the French taste, or by any of their less pardonable tendencies in art. The highly imaginative tone of the art of the Far North, even in days so early as when the Norseman's hunting horn was carved with the fabulous sea-serpents and the dragons, seems to be still a fertile source of excellence in the works of modern Scandinavia. We see it strong in these subjects of M. Frölich's; in the Cupid and Psyche, where the treatment, though necessarily in accordance with the antique model, is constantly fresh and original in some grace of attitude, or some expression of the face delightfully refined and poetic, and anything but what we call classical. The severe forms of the Greek are impossible to the glowing and more humanized, not to say Christianized, mind of a Northern temperament. Then we see the fancy of the artist again in the beautiful borderings which enclose the subject in an arabesque of endless variety, ever-charming and suggestive of the tender grace of plants and flowers. This treatment of the exquisite legends of the Greeks—their romance of the soul—is indeed singularly unlike the statuesque feeling which has usually been considered proper to the subject; but we can see no reason why the painter should not bestow all his art upon a theme so thoroughly kindred to poetic feeling in art. M. Frölich works chiefly in outline with a little shading, so as to give some suggestions of form and colour. We are not aware that he has represented any of his compositions in colour, but there are all the indications of a taste for colour as powerful and as refined as is to be observed in the pictures of his fellow artists of Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. But it is not so much the technical perfection that is to be admired in these illustrations; for this is frequently, and indeed generally, so far as the drawing of the figure is concerned, very imperfect; it is the feeling for beautiful sentiment. To mention one only of the Psyche set, that in which Zephyr sent by Eros, having found the timorous yet trustful girl, and rescued her from the fancied demon, bears her away to the Valley of Bliss; nothing can be more sweetly expressed than this, though we may find faults enough in the study of the figure if that were the point in which the artist challenged the critical eye. These illustrations of Cupid and Psyche are the most important of Frölich's etchings; they are upon a larger scale than the others, and very beautifully printed in sepia colour. The text of Apuleius, which accompanies it, is so good for French typography that it might be English.

In a style similar to this, but on a small scale, M. Frölich has illustrated the exquisite story of "Hero and Leander," the original drawings of which we happen to have seen, and can speak of the same charmingly poetic treatment so pleasing in them. This work is, we believe, soon to be published in London.

The illustrations of the Lord's Prayer form a handsome volume, which is very appropriately dedicated to the Princess of Wales. In these the artist has introduced more shadow into his work, and proportionately more pictorial effect; and this is given by the plan of ruled lines more or less close or broad according to the depth required. The delicate touching of the etching work, however, is a little obscured by this; but, on the whole, we are disposed to approve this addition of colour as part of the intention of an original designer of a new school. The most favourable example of this method is perhaps the illustration of the passage, "Give us this day our Daily Bread," and this is at the same time equally characteristic of the Scandinavian taste. The subject is a family of peasant reapers, about to partake of their mid-day meal—women and children gathered into a kneeling group among the ripe corn,

while the father cuts the first slice from a big loaf of dark bread. Beyond is seen the river leading to the sea and a distant landscape; above in the sky is Christ surrounded with angels, the passage illustrated appearing as in each illustration in the centre light of a glory. The opening address of the prayer is illustrated by an elaborate composition showing Christ pointing to Heaven, as it were, in answer to the inquiry of His disciples and followers, "Lord, teach us to pray." Below the elevated ground on which this group stands are seen the various people of the earth throwing down their idols and preparing to join in the prayer of universal charity and goodness.

As we said of the other illustrations, it is the feeling which is the excellence more than the technicalities. But in these there is an additional charm—what might be called the beauty of holiness in the countenance of the Christ and many of the angels. In some there is a little too much attempt at subject painting, as where sneering and mocking personages are introduced in the illustration to "Forgive us our Debts," and in that of the "Lead us not into Temptation," where man, climbing over the rocks of life, against which the waves are dashing, is beset with somewhat comic-looking figures, one holding a purse, another a bunch of grapes, another the swift horse of vice, ready to bear him from all trouble of the present. All these, with the alluring nymphs floating on air amongst them, conspire to give the picture a commonplace air, which is not at all the case with the rest of the illustrations. There is, however, much allowance to be made for the great difficulties to be encountered in treating subjects of this grand and very abstract nature, especially upon so small a scale. Much as there is to admire in this, and much to praise, we doubt whether M. Frölich's talent is not, like that of all the painters of Scandinavia, essentially naturalistic, with a nice perception of the picturesque, and sweet poetic feeling, more particularly in the direction of domestic sentiments. This shows strongly in the pretty illustrations of child life, "La Journée de Mlle. Lili;" and here his sensitive pencil, quite instinct with expression, finds abundant scope and freedom. This is a class of subject which requires such peculiar gifts as we imagine M. Frölich possesses in an eminent degree, and we shall hope to see some of the many delightful stories about children and for children illustrated in this spirit of innocence and freshness so congenial to the subject and the artist.

THE FINE ARTS QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THE first number of this new periodical, devoted entirely to the fine arts, and published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, made its appearance last week after a rather lengthy period of incubation. It is a handsome volume of larger size than any of the fraternity of quarterlies, and exhibits a certain refinement of typography in its old type and tinted paper. This paper is advantageous for illustrations, but as to the type it smacks a little strongly of the South Kensington affectation. It will, we think, be pretty generally admitted that a periodical of this stamp was wanted, for the one journal alluded to by the editor, Mr. Woodward, as "avowedly restricted to the arts," is, in fact, restricted to anything but art, and dedicated chiefly to the enlightened designers of the pots and pans of our modern Etruria. Whether the subject of art is not adequately treated, according to the wants of the public in that department of culture, in various other journals, and whether the more elaborate and special consideration of the fine arts proposed will meet with the indispensable support which it well deserves, are points upon which there will probably be a difference of opinion. Mr. Woodward states that on entering upon his duties as librarian of the art collections in the Royal Library at Windsor, he felt grievously perplexed how to obtain clues to the information he wanted about them, and that suggested this undertaking as a means of addressing himself to the students of the history of art generally. His feeling, he says, was shared by "genuine art-students in England," and accordingly we have a list of the contributors and referees, and a most imposing one it is.

There are thirteen articles in this number, and six other sections which refer to correspondence, new purchases at the National Gallery, British Museum, and National Portrait Gallery, a summary of art news, and a list of works recently published. Of the articles, the most interesting for its original remarks, comprehensive view, and generally sound comment, is the opening paper, by Mr. Tom Taylor, on English painting in 1862. The gist of this article seems to be shown in the remark that "English art at this moment presents to us a picture in which, from one point of view, the prominent features are internal anarchy—something like a break-down in our first essays at national employment of our painters, and an unexampled and triumphant intrusion into the domain of art of the trading and speculative principle. These features are combined with more extensive and better paid employment for the painter by private patrons than has ever been known in any period of history or in any country." The writer compares the larger national employment of artists abroad with that given to them among us, refers to the several noble public halls in the kingdom that are waiting to be adorned with paintings, praises Sir Walter Trevelyan's commission to Mr. Scott for national pictures, and Mr. Watt's grand essay *al fresco* in Lincoln's Inn Hall, and winds up his argument in favour of employing the "great power for vigorous historical work on a large scale lying dormant" among many artists whom he names, while he has some faith that the artists are ready to forfeit the dealer's tempting offers for the honour of associating their names with some remarkable public work. Mr.

* 1. L'Amour et Psyche d'après le Roman d'Apulée. Suite de vingt planches dessinées et gravées à l'eau-forte par Lorenz Frölich. Paris: Hetzel. 1863.

2. La Journée de Mlle. Lili. Vignettes par L. Frölich. Texte par un Papa. Paris: Hetzel. 1862.

3. The Lord's Prayer, illustrated by a series of etchings by L. Frölich. London: Trübner & Co. 1863.

Digby Wyatt's essay on the Loan Collection, as an opening paper on the subject of collections, is full of curious information, conveyed a little too much in the manner of a *petit maître*, and with certain affectations of expression, such as, "synchronous perfection" of the arts, "aesthetically complete" museums, "the tissue of accomplished facts" applied to the progress of collecting. These, with a general tendency to "butter," if we may use that expressive term, everybody official at South Kensington and all concerned in Great Exhibitions, not excepting himself, are a species of garnish which ought to have fallen under the editor's unrelenting pruning-hook. Mr. Palgrave, the author of the famous handbook, contributes a rather weak and trimming kind of commentary on Mr. Fergusson's architectural speculations; and the paper constructed by Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson out of his Eminence Cardinal Wiseman's pompous and wordy "Lecture on the Points of Contact between Science and Art," is rather heavy reading. The editor's discoveries on the backs of the Raphael drawings in the Royal Collection do not amount to much; that of the profile head of Dante is the only very interesting one, and this is not well seen in the copy given by the photo-zincographic process. The line wants the firmness and freedom of Raphael.

The summary of art news, it appears, is not intended so much as news as for a record; consequently there is nothing said of the exhibitions and important picture sales of the season in this number.

With the best wishes in the world for a long life to our new contemporary, we must frankly own that it scarcely equals the great expectations formed of it. There seems to be, with the exception of Mr. Taylor's essay, a general inclination towards the historical and technical in preference to the æsthetical and imaginative,—to the great things that have been done, rather than to the greater developments of art that are to be hoped for; and this, we imagine, is not the direction most likely to find favour with the generality of cultivated readers.

MUSIC.

"FAUST" continues to fill the house, and to form the exclusive attraction at Her Majesty's Theatre. The same opera, under the title of "Faust e Margherita," is to be produced on Tuesday next, at the Royal Italian Opera, with Madame Miolan-Carvalho in her original part of Margaret, Madame Didiée as Siebel, M. Faure as Mephistopheles, and Signor Tamberlik as Faust. With this strong cast, and that attention to scenery and decorations for which the Royal Italian Opera has long been so specially renowned, there can be little doubt that we shall have one of those combined displays of musical and spectacular excellence which were unknown here before Mr. Gye's management.

The season of benefit concerts is now at its zenith. Mr. Kuhe's, on Thursday week, exhibited that gentleman in a very favourable light as a sound and brilliant pianist. In various pieces, of very opposite schools, played from memory, Mr. Kuhe evinced considerable powers of execution and finish of style. The annual concert of that excellent institution, the Royal Society of Female Musicians, took place on Thursday week. This society, now some two or three-and-twenty years old, supplies a want which was much felt before its establishment. The older institution, the Royal Society of Musicians, provides only for the widows and children of its members, so that the large class of unmarried female professors required a combination specially devoted to their own protection. This object has been most satisfactorily achieved by the Royal Society of Female Musicians; and it is gratifying to record the progress and usefulness of this excellent institution. Herr Molique's concert, on Friday week, deserves respectful mention as the annual entertainment of one of the most estimable of our resident artists. Not only as a skilful violinist, but also as a profound and clear-headed theorist and a consummate master of the art of composition, does Herr Molique claim the recognition of all who value sound and solid worth. The increased attention given by Herr Molique to teaching the higher branches of his art has somewhat withdrawn him from those active public displays to which he formerly devoted himself. Thus, at his concert, his performances were limited to the leading of one of Haydn's quartetts and the playing of two short solo pieces. Herr Molique's daughter, Mlle. Anna Molique, performed, in a piano-forte trio of her father's composition, with such admirable power and finish as to make it matter of surprise that this young lady is not more frequently heard in public. Mr. Carrodus, a former pupil of Herr Molique, played a violin solo in such excellent style as to exemplify both his own great talent and the admirable training which he must have derived from his instructor.

M. Georges Pfeiffer, a Parisian pianist and composer, gave a grand orchestral and choral concert at St. James's Hall on Friday week, when he performed a concerto and other pieces of his own composition. M. Pfeiffer's playing, which is characterized by considerable force and certainty of touch, is a good specimen of the brilliant French school of execution. M. Lebonc, a violoncellist, whose style is graceful rather than forcible, made his first appearance in England; and the concert terminated with Miss Virginia Gabriel's very clever cantata, "Dreamland," which had been previously given with success at the concerts of the Vocal Association. On the present occasion, however, it had the advantage of being performed with the full orchestral accompaniments. Mr. Benedict's annual concert is generally one of those leviathan entertainments at which most of the great artists of the day are to be heard, and where

passing visitors to London can, at one sitting, hear most of the celebrities of the season. The concert of Monday was no exception to the rule of past years: the programme was as long and as varied, the array of great names as attractive, and the audience as crowded as on any former occasion. An orchestra and chorus gave an importance to the performance which is seldom possessed by benefit concerts. Mr. Benedict appeared, as usual, to great advantage in his triple capacity of pianist, composer, and conductor. In an "Andante" with orchestral accompaniments, he proved that his former powers of execution and expression as a pianoforte player have not deserted him.

SCIENCE.

THE METRIC SYSTEM OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

A BILL introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. William Ewart to legalize in England the Metrical System of Weights and Measures at present in use in France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Algeria, Chili, Peru, Mexico, and other countries, is to be read a second time on the 1st of July. It permits the new system to be used three months after the passing of the Act, and enforces its adoption when three years have elapsed.

About the middle of last year a Select Committee was appointed by the House of Commons, under the presidency of Mr. Wm. Ewart, to "consider the practicability of adopting a simple and uniform system of Weights and Measures, with a view not only to the benefit of our internal trade, but to facilitate our trade and intercourse with foreign countries." During the three months that the Committee sat, the subject of weights, measures, and coins was examined with the greatest care, and the evidence taken of a host of eminent witnesses, including Professor Airey, the Astronomer Royal, Mr. Fairbairn, Professor De Morgan, Mr. Graham, Master of the Mint, Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., Dr. Leone Levi, Mr. F. P. Fellows, &c. The report, issued in July, contains a most interesting view of the whole subject, the Committee unanimously recommending that the metric system should be rendered legal in this country, and that, when sanctioned by general use, its adoption should be made compulsory. No recommendation was made as to the introduction of a decimal coinage. At present, it has been considered better to wait and see what can be done towards adopting the other parts of the metric system. A scale of coinage cannot be altered without exposing the mercantile world to serious, though temporary inconvenience, and we can afford to wait, whereas the extraordinary and absurd anomalies in our weights and measures call loudly for immediate remedy. A more perplexing system of legalized disorder never existed, even in the most barbarous nations, than our present one. The weights and measures of the British empire are enforced by various acts of Parliament in ten different systems, all of which are in actual use:—1st. Grains decimally divided for scientific purposes; 2nd. Troy weight; 3rd. Bullion weight; 4th. Bankers' weight; 5th. Apothecaries' weight; 6th. Diamond and Pearl weights; 7th. Avoirdupois weight; 8th. Hay and Straw weights; 9th. Wool weight; 10th. Coal weight; other measures in use are for lengths the yard, foot, inch, ell, nail, knot, league, the geographical, Scotch, Irish, and common mile, three sorts of fathoms, &c. We measure land in the United Kingdom by several sorts of acres, the common, Scotch, Irish, and others peculiar to localities. In what is called dry measure, twenty different sorts of bushels are in use. How is wheat quoted in the country market notes throughout England? We find its price to be, in one place, at so much a load, in others at so much the sack, barrel, quarter, bushel, stone, boll, bag, bolt, coomb, hobbet, winch, windle, strike, measure, or weight. Again, these names do not signify the same amount in all places or even in the same place. A bushel of wheat throughout England varies from 60 lb. to 488 lb. The term load conveys no fixed idea of a settled quantity; no more does the bag, the stone, or any other of the above quantities. They vary nearly in every market-town in England. In fluid measures, if we are asked what a pipe is, before we answer we must know what particular sort of liquor or wine it is to contain. In weights the system is as bad; a ton is twenty hundred weights if it be iron, but if it be copper ore it consists of twenty-one. If it be lead, it is 19½ hundred weights and is called a fodder. The troy ounce is greater than the avoirdupois ounce, yet the avoirdupois lb. is greater than the troy lb. 1 lb. troy, English, is 5,760 grains; 1 lb. troy, Dutch, is 760 grains; 1 lb. troy, Scotch, equals 2,520 grains. A stone of hemp is 32 lb.; of cheese 16 lb.; of glass 5 lb.; as sold by growers, of wool 14 lb.; by woolstaplers to each other 15 lb.; of flax in Belfast 16½ lb.; at Downpatrick it is 24 lb. In weighing iron alone there are three stones of 14 lb., 10½ lb. and 10 lb., according to the size of the wire. The butter, cheese, and wool weights vary considerably in quantity, though under the same name. There are five sorts of clove and many sorts of weys. A sack of grower's wool is 3 cwt., 1 qr., but of dealer's wool it is 240 lb.

We might possibly guide the reader through the interminable mass of all these conflicting systems if they formed the only barriers on our commercial highway. There would be a chance of our even tolerating a multiplicity of irregular systems if they were at all referable to known public standards. But the fact—an almost incredible one—is, that "there is no such thing in Britain

as a standard publicly exhibited of length, capacity, or weight.* Primary standards most accurately prepared are provided by the State and placed in the hands of the exchequer. Local standards, carefully compared and adjusted with the primitive standards, are in the hands of municipal authorities and others. The conformity of our commercial weights and measures with the local standards is enforced by law, but there is no provision made by the State for the verification of these local standards by comparing them occasionally with the primitive ones. There is no appeal against the inaccuracy of the local standards, even though it be clearly shown that they are not to be relied on; nor any means of ascertaining whether wear, accident, or fraud may have caused any variation since their first comparison.

Let us turn from this disorderly system and its monstrous inaccuracies, and consider the extreme simplicity, unity, and precision of the metric system now proposed to be allowed in this country.

The metre† was originally considered to be the ten-millionth part of the distance from the pole of the earth to the equator, measured along the surface of the sea. It was, however, declared in 1799 to be the length of the platinum standard preserved in the archives at Paris. Its equivalent value in English measure is easily recollected, being nearly equal to three feet, three inches, and three-eighths of an inch. Its coincidence with the length of a seconds pendulum in London is very remarkable, this latter being three feet, three inches, and one-eighth nearly.

In the metric system, the metre is the fundamental unit of measurement whence the units of superficies, of capacity, and of weight are derived. The whole system consists of four principal elements, with their decimal multiples and decimal parts, viz., the metre for length, the are for surface, the litre for capacity, and the gram for weight.

These are all subdivided into tenths, hundredths, and thousandth parts, which are denominated by the syllables (derived from the Latin) deci, centi, and milli; the multiples are similarly by tens, hundreds, thousands, and tens of thousands, &c., distinguished by the prefixes (derived from the Greek) of deca, hecto, kilo, and myria. Thus, the whole of the metric system may be shown in the following scale:—

Measures of				Proportions.
Length.	Surface.	Capacity.	Weight.	
Millimetre.			Milligram.	Thousandth part.
Centimetre.	Centiare.	Centilitre.	Centigram.	Hundredth part.
Decimetre.	(Not used).	Decilitre.	Decigram.	Tenth part.
METRE.	ARE.	LITRE.	GRAM.	One.
Decametre.	Decare.	Decalitre.	Decagram.	Ten times.
Hectometre.	Hectare.	Hectolitre.	Hectogram.	A hundred times.
Kilometre.		Kilolitre.	Kilogram.	A thousand "
Myriametre.			Myriagram.	Ten thousand times
			Quintal.	Hund. thousd. "
			Ton.	One million "

In addition to the above subdivisions and multiples, the metric system has always been permitted on the Continent to make use of the secondary units, 2, 5, 2 or 5, 20 or 50, &c. Thus, we say half a kilogram, a fifth of a litre, &c.

The manner in which the are, litre, and gram depend upon the metre is very simple. An are is a hundred square metres, a litre is the volume of a cubic decimetre, and a gram is the weight of a cubic centimetre of water.

All the multiples and subdivisions being decimal, there is a total absence of fractions. The reduction from one denomination to the other being performed by simply multiplying by 10 or its multiples, or dividing by them, it is not necessary to alter the figures, but simply to read them differently, by placing the decimal point so many places to the right or left of its place in any given number, according to the terms of the required denomination. Thus, to represent 52749 metres in decimetres we write 527490; to reduce it to centimetres we put down 5274900; and so likewise for the higher denominations we can write it down as 52749 decimetres, or 52749 hectometres, or 52749 kilometres, or 52749 myriametres. The number 37645264 millimetres can be written down as the sum of 3 myriametres, 7 kilometres, 6 hectometres, 4 decametres, 5 metres, 2 decimetres, 6 centimetres, and 4 millimetres. To convert the latter into the former we have only to write down all the figures one after another. The metre is equivalent to 39.37079 English inches, or 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ th yard nearly; therefore we have, by moving the decimal point, the value of any of the lengths of the metric scale. Approximately, the millimetre is about $\frac{1}{25}$ ths of an inch. The centimetre is a little more than a barleycorn, or shoemaker's size; the decimetre is nearly a hand, or 4 inches; the double decimetre very close upon a surveyor's link; the metre about a yard and a tenth; the double metre nearly a fathom and a twelfth; half a decametre, or 5 metres, is very closely equal to our rod, pole, or perch; the double decametre, or 20 metre chain, is nearly the same as ours, being 65 feet and $\frac{1}{4}$ ths instead of 66; the double hectometre nearly agrees with our furlong, it being less only by the six thousandth part; the kilometre is about 5 furlongs.

For the ordinary purposes of trade and construction the metre is generally used without its multiples; thus, for 156.65, we say, 156 metres, 65 centimetres, instead of 1 hectometre, 5 decametres, 6 metres, 6 decimetres, and 5 centimetres.

In square measure, the quantities being the result of two dimensions, the divisions and multiples are made primarily by hundreds;

they can also be divided by tenths to suit convenience. The are, the unit of superficies, is 100 square metres, each metre being equal to 100 square decimetres, and so on. If we have a piece of land 37,256 square metres in area, we can write the contents as 3 hectares, 72 ares, and 56 metres, by cutting up the number, towards the left, into periods of two figures. For lower denominations the points must be moved in pairs to the left; thus, 0.836097 square metres is the same as 0 square metres, 83 square decimetres, 60 square centimetres, and 97 square millimetres. A decare, or ten ares, is nearly equal to an English rood, and a double decare is equal to half an English acre. A hectare is about two acres and a half, so that half a hectare is nearly an acre and a rood.

For measures of capacity, the litre is the volume of a cubic decimetre, and all its multiples and subdivisions are reckoned by tens, hundreds, &c., as in the case of the metre. The litre is equal to 1.760773 imperial pints, or about 1 $\frac{1}{2}$. The hectolitre is nearly our sack of three bushels. Half a kilolitre, or 500 litres, corresponds nearly with our butt or pipe of 108 gallons, and the kilolitre is nearly our tun, liquid measure. It is precisely the same as the cubic metre, the content of which is the metric ton for ships. In the reductions of solid measure, such as cubic metres, decimetres, &c., the subdivisions are shown by pointing off periods of three places of decimals; thus, 2.5475432 cubic metres can be written as 2 cubic metres, 547 cubic decimetres, 543 cubic centimetres, and 200 cubic millimetres.

Measures of weights are divided into tens, &c., and the reduction is carried on precisely in the same manner as that of the metre and its multiples. The gram, the weight of a cubic centimetre of water at its maximum density, is the unit. A cubic decimetre contains 1,000 cubic centimetres, therefore that quantity of water weighs a kilogram. The cubic metre, being equal to 1,000 cubic decimetres, contains 1,000 kilograms of water, and constitutes the ton or millier. The gram is equivalent to 15.43234874 English grains. A hectogram is about 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. A kilogram nearly equals 2 lb. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. avoirdupois. The quintal corresponds very nearly with our sack of two hundred weight, and the millier is nearly equal to our ton. In practice the kilogram is generally made the unit. Thus we say 156 kilograms instead of 1 quintal, 5 myriagrams, and 6 kilograms; but for scientific purposes and postage the gram is necessary.

Such is the metric system in all its simplicity. It is not necessary to use all the multiples and subdivisions which we have given in order to explain the whole construction. For the ordinary purposes of life the kilometre, metre, centimetre, millimetre, are, hectare, hectolitre, litre, decilitre, ton, kilogram, and gram, are all that is practically necessary. For instance, instead of 3 decimetres, we say 30 centimetres, &c. The following equivalents of our present system are useful in comparing scales of either weight or measure:—An inch is about 25 millimetres; a foot, 30 $\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres, or 305 millimetres; a yard, 0.914 metres; a quart, 1.136 litres; a pound, 0.454 kilograms; an acre, 0.405 hectare.

The metre has every quality which can be desired in a unit. The decimal character of the system, and the absence of fractions, render it superior both in facility of calculation and application to practice to any other yet known. Children, in countries where it has been adopted, are able to go through arithmetical and mercantile calculations which most of our grown-up men cannot. From an inquiry instituted among schools by Mr. James Yates, F.R.S., and Dr. Levi, F.S.S., we are able to state that, according to our system, the time commonly necessary for a boy of average ability to master all the system of weights and measures now in use, with all the branches of arithmetic thereon depending, is two years, ten months, and nine weeks; whereas the probable time with a decimal system would be nine months two weeks. We can form some idea of the precious time annually lost to youth in our country.

Every country into which the metric system has been introduced now practically appreciates the merits of the system. Even in our own country its advantages have been acknowledged among scientific men by its adoption in all our laboratories and many of our workshops. To engineers, whose field of action is world-wide, its practical readiness and accuracy is such that they have generally preferred it to their own system. We have asked those who have carried on extensive operations and contracts abroad with English workmen, and the invariable answer has been, that the men, when once they have become acquainted with the metric measures, prefer them to any other. They also state, that workmen fresh-arrived from England were always able to understand and work with the metre in a few days after they had seen it for the first time. In the mechanical arts, where delicate adjustments are requisite, and in which small differences in size should be expressed in terms denoting their value, the decimal system is the only one that can be used with accuracy.

The recent treaty for extending our commerce to other nations will never become perfect as a trading medium, till our system of weights and measures is assimilated to theirs. We cannot ask all nations to assimilate theirs to our system, for we have not a word to say in its favour. They have nearly all adopted the metric system, in order that when they buy and sell in other countries which have that system, they may know what they are about; therefore, as long as we persevere in retaining our old weights and measures, we shall be shut out from a wide field of Continental commerce. The change must come sooner or later, and as that change will prove a beneficial one, the sooner we start about it the better.

* Letter from the Astronomer Royal to the Comptroller of the Exchequer, 1st February, 1859.

† We have Anglicised the words metre, gramme, &c., used on the Continent.

PRINCIPAL MEASURES AND WEIGHTS OF THE METRIC SYSTEM, WITH THEIR ENGLISH EQUIVALENTS.

Metric Names.	Metric Equivalents.	Notation.	Approximate English Quantities.	Standard Equivalents.	Standard Equivalents with Decimals.
Measures of Length.					
Millimetre	1000th part of a Metre	·001	Line	miles furlongs yards feet inches 11th pts.	Inches. 0·039
Double Millimetre	500th "	·002	Barleycorn or Size	...	0·079
Centimetre	100th "	·01	Hand	...	0·394
Decimetre	10th "	·1	Link	...	3·937
Double Decimetre	5th "	·2	7·874
Metre	Unit of Length	1	Yard	...	39·371
Double Metre	Two Metres	2	Fathom	...	78·742
Half Decametre	Five "	5	Rod or Pole	...	196·854
Decametre	Ten "	10	Chain	...	393·708
Double Decametre	Twenty "	20	787·416
Hectometre	One Hundred Metres	100	Furlong	...	3937·079
Double Hectometre	Two Hundred "	200	7874·158
Kilometre	One Thousand "	1,000	39370·790
Myriametre	Ten Thousand "	10,000	393707·900
					Furlongs. 0·497 0·994 1·988 3·976 7·952 15·904 31·808 63·616 127·232 254·464 508·928 1017·856 2035·712 4071·424 8142·848 16285·696 32571·392 65142·784 130285·568 260571·136 521142·272 1042284·544 2084569·088 4169138·176 8338276·352 16676552·704 33353105·408 66706211·816 133412423·632 266824847·264 533649694·528 1067299389·056 2134598778·112 4269197556·224 8538395112·448 17076790224·896 34153580449·792 68307160899·584 136614321799·168 273228643598·336 546457287196·672 1092914574393·344 2185829148786·688 4371658297573·376 8743316595146·752 17486632192913·504 34973264385827·008 69946528771654·016 139893057543308·032 279786115087616·064 559572230175232·128 1119144460350464·256 2238288920700928·512 4476577841401856·024 8953155682803712·048 17906311365607424·096 35812622731214848·192 71625245462429696·384 143250490924859392·768 286500981849718784·536 573001963699437568·072 1146003927398875136·144 2292007854797750272·288 4584015709595500544·576 9168031419191001088·112 18336062398382002176·224 36672124796764004352·448 73344249593528008704·896 146688499187056017408·192 293376998374112034816·384 586753996748224069632·768 1173507993496448139265·536 2347015986992896278531·072 4694031973985792557062·144 9388063947971585114124·288 1877612789594317022824·576 3755225579188634045648·112 7510451158377688091296·224 15020902366755376192593·448 30041804733510752385186·896 60083609467021504770373·792 120167218934043009540746·544 240334437868086019081492·888 4806688757361720381637·776 9613377514723440763275·552 19226755029446881526551·104 38453510058893773053102·208 76907020117787546106204·416 15381404023557509221248·832 30762808047115018442497·664 61525616094230036884995·328 12305123218460007376999·656 24610246436920014753999·312 49220492873840029507998·624 98440985747680059015997·248 196881911495360118031994·496 39376382299072023606398·992 78752764598144047212796·984 157505531196288094425593·968 315011062392576188851197·936 63002212478515237770375·872 126004425170330475540751·744 252008850340660951081502·488 504017700681321902163004·976 1008035013626643803266009·952 2016070027253287606532019·904 4032140054506575213064038·808 8064280110131550426128076·616 16128560220263000852560153·232 32257120440526001705120306·464 64514240881052003410240612·928 12902848172210400682048125·856 25805696344420801364096251·712 51611392688841602728192523·424 103222785377683205456385046·848 20644557075536641091127113·696 41289114151073282182254227·392 82578228302146564364508454·784 165156456604293128729107909·568 330312913208586257458215819·136 660625826417172514864357638·272 1321251652834345029728871576·544 2642503305668690059457743153·088 5285006611337380118915462606·176 10570013222675760237830925133·352 21140026445351520475661850266·704 42280052890703040951323701333·408 84560105781406081902647402667·816 169120211562812163805348805335·632 338240423125624327610697610667·264 676480846251248655221395221334·528 135296169250249731044279044267·056 270592338500499462088558088534·112 541184677000998924177116617068·224 108236935400199784835423324136·448 2164

MORE AIR.

THERE is great force in the air—silent and unseen—and well it is there should be. With the strong pressure of its downward weight it forces itself everywhere. Through seams and crevices it finds its way; through the finest cracks it enters. We close our windows to keep it out; we shut our doors against it. We want air—good, pure, fresh air—in our dwellings; we want good, fresh air to breathe, and, for the sake of little inconveniences, we bar its access to us, and leave it to squeeze its useful but disregarded particles as best it can into our presence.

No one scarcely ever thinks of how much air he wants for life, how much is necessary to support the combustion of his existence, or what is to become of the products of that combustion, how they are to be taken away, or what harm they will do if not removed. Peclet has proved that a man consumes 212 cubic feet of air per hour, and our common reason tells us this air should be pure, free, and wholesome. Yet we let it in as though we were better without it, needed it not as a first essential of actual life and a not less essential of health; under doors, between the dusty beams, and up the narrow seams of our flooring, through the fuzzy interstices of carpets, in cutting drafts through the chinks in our windows. Coming impure from our streets, we make it worse by forcing it to lick up dust and decomposition emanations, and every additional pollution that can possibly be put in its passage. It is not, however, so much the quality of air as the quantity that is now exciting our attention. A young dress-maker has perished for want of more air. Her death may be assigned to a secondary cause, but that was the first. Apoplexy may be the result, but want of more air was the primary source of it.

Families are crowded into rooms; for families are not large or small according to the size of the house they live in, but the size of the house depends on the parents' pecuniary means, and often in the smaller habitations the door is set open to relieve the sensation of oppressiveness. We feel in the daytime the effects of polluting the air, and the stagnation produced thereby in the circulation of our blood. As the products of life-action are voided from the lungs, the air is replaced by the carbonic acid of the breath. And not simply is the air supplanted by a poisonous compound, but the very body itself is prevented from getting rid of its deleterious products. The carbonic acid generated in life-action remains in the blood, the action of the lungs is prolonged, the action of the heart slackened, the delay in its beatings retains the blood in the veins and capillaries, which swell and distend under the pressure; fainting comes on, or something gives way, and apoplexy—death—is the result.

In the daytime we feel this danger slowly approaching, and as the oppressiveness of the sensations increases, we get more and more distressed, until the door is opened and more air let in. Soon then passes away the dull headache, soon the breathing becomes freer, the blood circulates as usual, and all oppressiveness is gone. Not so at night—tired with many hours of toilsome labour, weary in spirit, wasted in body, poor humanity, over-taxed, lies over-lifeless in its sleep. The poison in the close atmosphere increases, adds to the deepness of slumber, unconsciousness becomes more unconscious, the eyes have closed never to open, the tired brain has ceased to think, it will never think again.

The first practical consideration in proper ventilation is free ingress and egress for the air. In small houses, especially where ventilation is restricted or unprovided for, open windows are the best relief. In many cases the ill of open windows at night would be less than the ill of closing them. In no case, in our opinion, ought there to be in a closed room a less allowance than 400 cubic feet of air for every person sleeping in it—two hours' breathing quantity. The minimum quantity fixed by the Poor Law Board is 300 cubic feet; but the magistrate of the Bow-street division has given an order which enables the medical officers of that district to insist on the larger quantity we have named. In our hospitals, in the new wards, 1,500 cubic feet are now invariably taken for every allotment; and in the model hospital at Bordeaux, an allowance even of 2,200 cubic feet is made. In the wards of St. Thomas's, now pulled down, which were built about ten years ago, the allowance was 1,600 feet. In King's College Hospital, just built in Portugal-street, 1,500 feet are assigned.

It is the general opinion of physicians that in fever hospitals the quantity should never be less than this (1,500 feet), in order to dilute the poison of the emanations from the patient, and it is found practically that when the disease-poison is diluted to this extent it is innocuous. Cases of typhoid fever may be harmlessly introduced into the general ward under such conditions without danger to the surrounding inmates.

These allotments of particular quantities of air are, of course, made independent of any regard to the circulation of air. In themselves, therefore, they are only supplies for a limited time, and during that interval the whole air of the space ought at least to have been once completely renewed. In many hospitals and buildings, perforated zinc plates, air-bricks, and traps have been introduced with more or less judiciousness and efficacy. Miss Nightingale, indeed, sets her face against all artificial ventilation in hospitals; but experience shows not wisely, for even if we admitted her views to be theoretically correct, in practice they are defeated.

To open a window on one side of a sick ward to let in air, and to open a window on the other to let it out, is a plan that can be alike adopted in the temporary as in the permanent hospital, but the effects are these. The open window lets the cold air fall down suddenly on the patients, and at the entreaty of their sick the

nurses close the windows. If perforated zinc plates are used in the apartment, near the ceiling, they cannot be stopped up by the patients, and, moreover, when the air is thus separated by meshes or perforations the so divided masses of air do not fall solidly and suddenly down, but drop gently and cloud-like over the patient; and opposing perforated plates have, of course, an effect equal to opposing windows, for ingress and egress of air as far as mere quantity is concerned.

What is necessary for health and prevention of contagion in a workhouse, or hospital, is necessary in ordinary dwellings. The sick man does not breathe more air than the healthy man, and the poisons of contagious diseases are met in our streets as well as in our infirmaries. The emanations of typhus fever may come like the air through a chink in the wall; the poison of typhoid through the crevices of the floor. The over-crowding of a neighbour's rooms may cause us an attack of the first; the imperfect drains of a neighbour's house may prostrate us with the latter. Odours and disease emanations are very subtle—finer, more subtle, than air,—and issue through every crack and cranny from the infested domicile; the passers-by, were it not for the dilution with the free air of the street, might be struck with sickness, as the next-door resident more surely will be, by the poisons which may trickle through into his close and badly ventilated rooms. Typhoid fever is the fever of drains and putrifying organic decomposition; it is rarely got except by actual entrance into the vitiated atmosphere. We need not go into the drains, however, to be its victim; it may steam up from our basements to us, whether we live in a cottage or a palace. Typhus, on the other hand, is the fever of over-crowding. And typhus is more subtle, more dangerous, and essentially contagious. We cannot put typhus cases into an hospital as we would typhoid. It may come to us though we go not to it. Through a crack in the wall the poison may leak through from a neighbour's over-crowded room, even though it be no sick person's death-room. The fetid emanations of the body produce it, and these may seize on any victim.

If the disease-vapours were visible like clouds and fogs, we should see how horrible, how prevalent, the danger, and the outcry would be intense; but we see not the evil, and the winds and the sunshine do such earnest work, we escape all but a fraction of that evil. That fraction, however, is terrible enough in towns and cities. Artificially we block out, by our multitudes of houses, the fresh breezes of the sea and the balmy air that has traversed the fields of the open land. Artificially by our streets we pen in the air and stop its circulation; and in the circulation of the air is, so to speak, its vitality. The day may come when, in this vast, over-crowded London, companies may supply fresh air to our dwellings as companies now supply us with water.

There is yet a third kind of fever which, in passing, we ought to notice—the relapsing, or famine-fever. This, at the period of the potato calamity, was common enough in Ireland, but it is not known in the fever wards of our hospitals at the present time, and, singularly enough, has scarcely been known in our country at all since the Corn-laws were abolished.

Typhoid fever is characterized by the tenderness of the abdominal regions. It is essentially the fever of drains and polluted organic matter. If we go into the poisoned atmosphere we are seized. If the poison-vapour come to us, we must block it out. If it generate in any district, we can pluck out its origin root and branch. As an illustration within our own experience, bad typhoid fever occurred in Lisson-grove. The Poor-law inspector, who took the patient out to the hospital, was seized with the fever, and died; the owner, who went to the house to carry out the improvements directed, was also seized, and died. It was the region there, not the patients, to which these men's deaths were due.

Typhoid fever, be it remembered, is the sewage fever,—typhus the over-crowding fever. Let us see how this view works out.

Since the recent stringent measures of sanitary reform the ravages of typhoid fever have declined; but in consequence of the recent destruction of the houses of the poor, and the consequent overcrowding of other habitations, typhus—the most dangerous—has largely increased.

We say most dangerous because most contagious. Its characteristic is extreme weakness, requiring large quantities of stimulants. Its prime source is the emanations from the external skin; and if these poisonous products be concentrated in a close, impure atmosphere, instead of being diluted with plenty of air, the poor wretches who lie packed two in a bed, and work thirty in a room of twelve feet cube, generate the poison and impregnate each other with the death-dealing disease. Once a centre of typhus established, there is no security for the neighbouring houses.

But it may be said, the sanitary law enables its officers to enforce its rules against the crowding of dwellings by defining the cubic space each inmate shall have in a house. The law defines the cubic space certainly, but how does it enable its officers to carry out its provisions? There are many difficulties in the way,—the chief and immovable one in the Act itself. The medical officers and inspectors may not enter after six o'clock at night. We have shown how our natural senses warn us of what is going on wrong in the day time, and how to instinctively apply the remedy. When we are suffering from the oppression of an over-crowded room, we want no physician to order us to open a door or window; if we are panting for breath in a dense crowd we want no philosopher to tell us to get out if we can. It is just at night, then, that we want to know, for sanitary purposes, how a house is filled,—exactly at that very time when the Act prevents our going to see. Some of the worst—and perhaps many of the best—are

only filled at night. Of all the filthy, low lodging-houses which abound in this metropolis, into which the inmates are admitted from the streets at all hours of the night for sums from threepence downwards to halfpennies,—for in some no coin is refused,—where all sleep together, and lie about the floor, a pestilential den of wretched beasts—will a day-time visit give us a knowledge of how many sleep in any one?

In Marylebone there lately was an old and rickety house of thieves. None of these lodgers entered before the early hour of two a.m.; and the lodging-house keepers profits were £2,000 a year. The house has fallen down, and a new establishment opened in an adjoining court, embellished with a harem of attractive (?) girls. What day visitor could count the inmates of a resort like this?

Even in places under some control, over-crowding at night cannot be hindered.

Difficulties in the way of sanitary law there always perhaps will be. Inspections may not be easy. But when an evil exists, it is better to strike at its root than to lop its branches. The root of the evil which sacrificed Madame Elise's sempstress was want of air. More air, then, is the remedy for all such evils, be they in Regent-street or Spitalfields,—in the habitation of a West-end milliner, a city merchant, or a beggar's lodging-house. More air. Break through the walls and let it in. If dens of squalid poverty must be for outcasts, pump it, force it in, in a life-giving torrent, if the den be too stagnant for the air to get in of itself. More air is the axe to fell the poison tree of deadly fever—the warrior against the death-sleep. More air is the solvent to dilute typhus and typhoid fevers and small-pox; more effectual to prevent disease than hospital and medicine to cure. The law is strong already in respect to ventilation. Let it be vigorously executed, and the evils of overcrowding will be vastly and promptly diminished.

THE EXPLORERS OF THE NILE.

CAPTAINS SPEKE AND GRANT have returned to their native land to receive welcome upon welcome after their brave and successful travel, and we hope honours such as they truly deserve will speedily follow. The King of Italy has already sent them gold medals, and his minister, the Marquis d'Azeglio, a hearty letter of congratulation and justly-merited praise. Every Englishman must regret to think that England will be the last, as she always is, to reward with decoration or title traveller or *savant*. No deed of travel in our time, whatever be its practical result, will equal in interest the tracking of the Nile. No wonder, then, that on Monday night the great meeting-room of the Geographical Society was crammed to suffocation by members, ladies, and visitors anxious to receive, welcome, and see the heroes of the Nile, and that Speke's and Grant's two black boys had to walk over the tables to get to them. Scarcely less dense was the brilliant audience on Tuesday whom Speke addressed at the Royal Institution, where the Prince of Wales, a traveller himself, took the presidential chair. The difficulty which beset the explorer of the Nile in his discourses besets the critic or reporter equally as much in the narration of them. To record in a column three or more hours' speeches is as difficult as to tell a three years' tale within an hour, or to describe the scenery of near two thousand miles of country within the period of sixty minutes. This simply could not be accomplished, so here and there bits were picked out by the speaker, and his hearers treated to isolated passages in his long and eventful story, for the interesting details of which Sir Roderick Murchison condescendingly tells us we must wait for that future book which Speke is to produce, and which Messrs. Blackwood, we hear, are to have the honour of publishing, and which will, no doubt, be welcomed with a *furor* equal to that with which the traveller himself has been personally acclaimed.

Doing, not talking, seems essentially the characteristics of these two Englishmen. Certainly neither are fluent orators, and Captain Speke suffers such speaking powers as he possesses to be greatly lessened by diffidence, unobtrusiveness, and modesty, undoubtedly genuine and natural, but which, while they impart hesitation and sometimes incoherence to his speech, and stand out in prominent contrast to the fluency of certain less modest travellers from "swarthy Africa," yet stamp him as the thorough gentleman, and raise at the same time a feeling more closely sympathizing than mere respect towards him. We pass over as of little moment the questions whether the sources of the Nile have been more or less nearly noted in old Arabian and Portuguese maps, for trade is carried on evidently in those districts where the Nile takes its course; and we pass over, too, the claims of others as suggestors of the course pursued by Speke and Grant, excepting those of Dr. Beke, who, in a pamphlet printed since the anniversary of the Geographical Society, has made known his wish to be recognized as the theoretical indicator of the true sources of the Nile—a merit we believe he strictly deserves, and which should not be denied or stintingly given to so earnest and painstaking a geographer. All these and many other claims detract nothing whatever from Speke and Grant. They were the men to go and see; and while others stopped at home and thought, they went abroad to act and do.

Speke it is who has brought us home the proof, and to Speke must remain without abatement the glory of being the discoverer of the source of the Nile.

Captain Speke went out with Burton in 1859, and would undoubtedly at that time have accomplished the success he has now achieved had that expedition been under his own control. On his

return to England he communicated to Sir R. Murchison his wish to try again, and through the help of the Geographical Society, the Home, and Indian Governments, obtained by Sir Roderick's influence, the means were furnished for the undertaking. His companion's story is soon told. Grant, who was severely wounded in the Indian mutiny, and Speke were brother officers. As Speke was going, Grant, in his own curt language, thought he should like to go too. And so he did. Two more amiable companions never could have shared a dangerous journey. To Speke, the merit of the practical discovery is accorded; and Grant agrees in this, cordially saying of his friend no better leader could be followed.

What interesting knowledge we are to gain from this expedition is indicated by the little that has been as yet given us. That little, however, is very important. We learn that the kingdoms round the sources of the Nile are inhabited by negroes of a higher grade, and ruled by dark men with straight noses and of superior intelligence, and who are regarded by Speke as of Abyssinian descent. Their kings are desirous of traffic, and the road to commerce is, we are told, to be opened.

The accurate descriptions of the tribes of these parts will be highly interesting to ethnologists, and it is evident Captain Speke has made himself well acquainted with the traditionary history and descent of their rulers. One favourite idea of his, which he has advocated on both occasions of his addresses, is the educating of some of these intelligent men, and the placing them as consuls at various stations. If he means as British consuls, we think his view erroneous, as the people of those parts should rather be made acquainted with Englishmen and English justice. But if he mean as native consuls associated with our own, we think such a plan would be productive of the highest advantages. The chief outlines of both discourses given by Captain Speke were very similar, and were mainly a congeries of brief summaries of some of the chief features of the journey from the coast of Zanzibar to the Lake Nyanza Victoria, the exploration of the issue of the Nile from Ripon Falls, the tracking the Nile down to Gondokora, the meeting with Baker, Petherick, and the ladies; interspersed with accounts of his visits to the kings, and other incidents.

THE FLOWER SHOW AT THE BOTANIC GARDENS.

THERE is, indeed, no quieter, more enjoyable recreation than a flower-show in the small but most tastefully-planned gardens in Regent's-park. In the flower-show of Wednesday last there was much to admire, much to reflect upon, even if we dwelt but upon the common but fragrant rose. Twenty years ago, and roses in pots were unknown; gardeners would have said they could not grow them. First, in the old horticultural shows, puny weak shrivellings gained thirty-shilling prizes, and looked too mean to be worthy of the prizes gained. The curator of the Botanic Gardens put his heart in the work, and roses, it was presently found, could so be reared, and ten guinea prizes now seem faint praise for the scented beauties produced. Roses there were from brightest yellow to densest red, perfuming the air around with their powerful fragrance, and mingling with many another sweet perfume from many another scented flower. Those sweet odours cool the air. Invisible, evanescent, they strike down the heat-rays of the sun faster than morning dew or evening mist. The wisdom of Solomon might be worthily spent in telling the offices the odours of flowers perform. Flowers there were from equatorial and from snow-clad lands. Flowers from the land of gold, the lofty Himalayas, and the prickly cactus-guarded Brazilian plains, for one of the great benefits of flower-shows has been to create a taste and research for new and foreign plants, as well as for curious or fancy forms.

Amongst foreign plants the double *Dutzia* (*Dutzia crenata*), imported from Japan, was not only a novelty to us but highly interesting; evidently showing not only the skill to rear, but the civilization to appreciate the higher beauties of double flowers. Nor were Japanese flowers rare; for numerous sorts of late years collected by Mr. Fortune, the well known florist traveller there, and by his rival Mr. Veitch, have been reared and introduced to our gardens and our shows by Bull, Standish, and the brother of Mr. Veitch.

If we except the diminutive fruit-trees, cherries, figs, and wonderfully little pears and apples, not more than about two feet in height and covered with fruit, there was nothing more striking in the show than the extraordinary variety and abundance of variegated plants. Leaves of commingled green and white, and green and red, and brown; leaves all yellow and red, and others only tipped with green. What is this variegation? what its cause? Florists and botanists do not know. The curiosity of these curiosities was perhaps the ivy; its small dark leaves, unusually diminutive, and strangely commingled with patchy whiteness. We say perhaps, for nothing now seems wonderful in the way of variegation,—not a family or genus of plants in which it has not been artificially produced, even to the sugar-cane and pine-apple. Curiously enough, the variegated portions of the leaves are always smaller than what we suppose we must term the healthy part; for, although variegated plants thrive and grow and multiply, yet if we take a geranium such as we sometimes see, in which all the leaves of a whole branch are white, and cut away all the other branches, the white branch will not live. Either the plant will send out new green branches, or, if this be hindered, it will die. Some plants, such as the creeping *Cissus discolor* and the *Calladium*, are, how-

ever, naturally variegated, and these propagate their kind with all its characteristic features. Not so artificial variegations. In their case not all the seeds of the same plants produce variegated individuals; nor are the variegated individuals of one parent all alike. And when we cultivate the artificial variegated sorts and let them thrive luxuriantly, they lose their sportive colours and revert again into green-leaved plants.

The growing of diminutive fruit-trees in pots is a subject worth recurring to. We have already alluded to the figs, cherries, pears, and apples. There were vines also, and prizes of late have been given for their culture in this way. Why we do not know, any more than we do why florists insist on pansies and pelargoniums being round, or dog-fanciers admire certain, it may be unnatural, shapes in puppies. The pot-grown vines, however, show remarkably the plan on which such dwarfs are sustained and made producers of fruit. Few plants of any kind spread their roots more along or over a greater extent of ground to obtain sufficient and suitable nourishment than vines. But here, confined in a small earthen impenetrable vessels, they can neither multiply their root-fibres to any extent, nor can these perform their offices. As they cannot get to their food, the food is brought to them, or they become wan and starved. By the constant artificial supply of liquid compounds, then, they thrive and flourish.

In their natural state plants will often seemingly restrain their roots within a very small portion of rich soil, and not until this area be exhausted will they send out rootlets into the surrounding ground.

As yet little has been done to turn florists' and horticulturists' fancy labours to practical account, and the why and the wherefore of many results has still to be obtained. Yet it is very evident there are topics of interest in a flower-show beyond that we naturally feel in gold and silver medals and their winners.

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